

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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OLE MAN RIVER'S WORK IS DONE

OLE MAN RIVER

WHAT A NOTTINGHAM BOY DID FOR THE WORLD

The Astonishing Achievement of Poverty, Brain, and Character

LORD TRENT'S STORY

Those unhappy young things who scorn the generation before them, will do well to learn something of one of its brave lives that has just come to an end.

Ole Man River (as one or two of his friends liked to call him), Lord Trent (as he officially was), Sir Jesse Boot (as he is known all over the world), has finished his work on Earth.

A marvellous work it was. He started it more than fifty years ago in the same Nottingham street where General Booth started the Salvation Army. He began with a little chemist's shop started by his father as a herbalist; his father died when Jesse was ten, and at 13 the boy was in control.

1000 Shops

He never lost control until his shops were known in every town in England and his name was famous everywhere. The time came when there were nearly a thousand Boots shops, selling the products produced by one of the most efficiently organised industries in the kingdom. Sir Jesse was made a knight, then a baronet, then a peer. To the world he was one of its successful men.

So he was indeed, and yet for nearly half his life, from middle-age till he died at just 81, he never walked a step. At the summit of his career, in the prime of his strength, he was stricken with that terrible form of paralysis called rheumatoid arthritis, and there was no hope for the physical health of this man whose energy had built up one of the greatest businesses his country had seen.

The Dauntless Spirit

But nothing could daunt the spirit of this courageous man. Nothing could destroy his dreams or stop his mind from thinking. The life of his mind went on, and the day came when he sold his great business and lay on his couch wondering what he could do with his money. He did not want it; he was satisfied to be somebody behind the scenes, helping things along but not bothering much who should get the glory.

We shall never forget the time when the King made him a peer. We called to see him. All Nottingham was gay with flags; everywhere the streets were decked with bunting and filled with sunshine. The great university Sir Jesse Boot had built was adorning the Queen of the Midlands, its pure white tower rising like something Giotto would have loved to see. Everybody was busy preparing for the hour when a hundred thousand people would throng the streets to see the King and Queen go by.

We made our way to a little wooden bungalow on the banks of the Trent.

Over The Hurdle



An exciting moment in the hurdle race is shown in this picture taken at the recent sports meeting of a firm which employs a large number of girls in London.

It seemed the only quiet place there was anywhere in Nottingham, and there, with the two or three attendants who were always near him, Jesse Boot lay alone on his couch, so frail that he could only smile. We talked of all his projects, of all he had done and all he hoped to do with the beautiful palace of education his friend Morley Horder had set up; and all the time he was as cheerful as the merriest boy who would soon be cheering the King from the kerb.

And then we left him alone in this little place. Nottingham was alive with colour and beauty and hope, and the mainspring of it all, the old man thinking and dreaming, lay alone on his couch, never to walk again, never to be able to move without help, never to turn his head with ease, to reach out his hand, to nod to those who said a word of praise or sympathy. It is one of the pictures that live in our mind and will not go.

One joy he had in all his life: his wife was his tower of strength. She built up the business in many new ways. She

knew it through and through. She was one of the best organisers any great firm could wish to have. Perhaps it was his confidence in Lady Trent that made it possible for him to lie there spending his fortune on his native town. He gave it a boulevard, a park, a campanile, a carillon, a university, and nobody knows what else. He was a Liberal in his head and in his heart, and there was no end to his giving. He was the most famous Nottingham boy of our time, and he was an example and an inspiration to every English boy and every human boy under the Sun. A.M.

A BAPTISM WITH LIQUID AIR

The Rector of the University of Heidelberg was recently asked to christen a new motorless aeroplane.

He poured out on to the machine a few drops of liquid air, which, of course, evaporated instantly.

This is probably the first time a plane has been christened with its own proper element.

AMBASSADOR'S SON CLEANS THE STREET ONE MORE BRAVE VICTIM

A Bitter Page From the Russian Book of History

THE MAN THEY DID NOT KILL

A brave Russian has just died for love of his country.

His life was a shining example of the highest kind of patriotism, a patriotism that had nothing to do with the rattling of sabres, but belonged to the true love of mankind and the world.

Valerian Muravieff was the charming and brilliant son of a Minister for Justice who was beloved for the reforms he instituted in the penal code and afterwards became Ambassador to Rome. The boy who was bred in such fortunate surroundings soon proved that he had exceptional gifts, and he was employed in the Foreign Office till the war came.

Imprisoned by the Bolsheviks

Then he joined the army, believing, like the young Englishmen who flocked to enlist, that this was a war to end war. Afterwards came the Revolution, and Muravieff was thrown into prison by the Bolsheviks.

He had committed no crime, but hundreds of people were executed because they had once been rich, and Muravieff expected the same fate.

To his astonishment he was released. He had so greatly impressed one of the Soviet officials that the man had said: "Let us release him: we shall gain more by converting such a man than by killing him."

Most people would have left Russia after such an escape, and the way was made easy for Muravieff, who had many rich and influential friends in foreign lands. But he would not run away. He did not want to live at ease in an alien land while Russia was suffering.

So the ambassador's son became a street-cleaner. With the brain that had so impressed his enemy he could have made money and lived in luxury if he had not believed it to be his duty to stay in Russia. One day, he thought, he might have an opportunity to serve her.

His Only Crime

Again and again he was taken off to prison and released. In time he was given work at a scientific institute.

Suddenly he was arrested and sent to work in one of the dreaded timber camps of North Russia. Such a sentence is a recognised punishment for political offenders, but Muravieff had taken no part in politics, and his only crime was his birth. In that frightful camp he contracted typhus and died. Yet to the end he did not lose faith in Russia.

If he had listened to his friends he would probably now be driving a high-powered car to a fine house somewhere in California or Touraine. But who can doubt that he chose the better part?

GOOD FOR LITTLE FISHES

A Story From the Seine THE KIND LADY, THE ANGLER, AND THE MAD ENGLISH

It seems a long time since the Editor of the C.N. gave a fisherman a shilling to throw a little fish back into the sea. We hope it is doing well.

The good work is still going on, and a new story of the kind comes to us from a correspondent in Paris.

On the banks of the Seine, where many anglers seem to spend their days in happy confidence that presently they may catch something, an Englishman and his wife were walking. It was rainy weather and a thunderstorm had left the rain in pools upon the towpath. In one of them the visitors saw two wriggling little fish, so tiny that they might have been left there by an overflow.

The kind-hearted Englishwoman stooped down, cupped them in her hands, and threw them back into the Seine. She and her husband walked on happy in the consciousness of a good work well done.

The Good Heart of Madame

Hardly had they gone twenty yards before they heard a voice raised behind them in tones of angry emotion. They turned, and one of the Seine anglers approached uttering words which at first they could not understand, but which they began to make out as an infuriated demand as to what the lady had meant by throwing his fish back into the river.

He had caught them. He had spent the whole morning in catching them. And now they were gone beyond recall!

With signs and with what French he could command the Englishman tried to explain the humanitarian feelings that had prompted his wife's rash act. To that the angler replied bitterly that he had put them in the pool to keep them fresh till he could take them home.

It seemed impossible to arrive at a mutual understanding, but just when it seemed that the entente cordiale could never be restored a smile broke over the angler's face. It was, he comprehended, just the good heart of Madame! Ah, well! there were fish in the Seine as good as ever came out of it. He would begin again. So the angler went back to his fishing, the humane couple went on, and the Frenchman told his wife when he returned home in the evening another good story of these mad English.

AXEL MUNTHE AND THE LITTLE BIRDS

It is some time since the C.N. told the story of Axel Munthe and how he saved the little birds of Capri!

They were being killed in thousands as they rested on the island, worn out by their long flight from the coasts of Africa; but Dr Munthe, in spite of much difficulty, bought the hillside on which they rested and turned it into a bird sanctuary.

This and many other splendid stories were told in his wonderful book on the Story of San Michele, and now comes the news that this book has brought in enough money for Dr Munthe to buy another sanctuary for his beloved birds, this time a lake in Sweden.

May more and more money pour into Dr Munthe's pockets, for no man knows better than he what to do with it.

THE DANGER AHEAD OF US

We may shortly be faced in this country with a working-class domination just as selfish and narrow as the upper-class domination of the eighteenth century. It is a danger which is approaching day by day nearer and nearer.

Miss Rathbone, M.P.

ONE MORE OLD FRIEND OF OURS

Ronald Campbell Macfie

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away. The C.N. has lost another friend, and the Editor one of the last few old friends left.

Ronald Campbell Macfie had been our friend since the days when these papers of ours began. He was writing for them as soon as anybody, and though he was a wanderer about the world, here today, in France tomorrow, and beyond all reach a few days after, he would turn up again, or would send a little manuscript, or a friendly word or two, to keep his light burning among us.

The Rich Poor Man

A noble shining light it was, for he was the immortal kind of man, the man whose fire was always burning. He was a doctor, and therefore he knew how marvellous the human body is. He was a poet, and therefore he knew how sublime the human spirit is. He was a scientist, and therefore he knew how miraculous the human mind is. He was a traveller, and therefore he knew how wonderful the world is. He was a dreamer, and therefore he knew how, through all the ages that have been, dreams are the only things that are always coming true.

His dreams were not for himself, but for mankind. Like Abou ben Adhem, he loved his fellow-men. For himself he cared little, save that his gifts and his energies should be at the service of whatever good cause he could help. He was rich in all the things that count in Heaven, but he was as poor as a church mouse in the things that count on Earth; yet he would pretend that all was well and would disappear for months to live where he could pull through on the merest pittance.

The Poet

He would not be helped as long as he could help himself; in this age when so many men are willing to live on the work of others he would take nothing but his own, and would give his own away. When he had hardly a sovereign to bless himself with a Five-Pound Note came to him luckily, and he dropped it in the street behind some other poor struggler, picked it up and gave it to the struggler, saying "I think you dropped this," and hurried out of sight. He was that sort of man.

Yet he was as wise as he was kind; he was full of knowledge. Universities and learned institutions honoured him. Great men were his friends. His books are profoundly learned and his poems are deep and true. Long after Oblivion has swallowed up many of the men who write rubbish today and call it verse Ronald Campbell Macfie will be remembered as of the race of poets who write because they must, and because they can, and because their powers are held in trust for all mankind.

The Wanderer Home

We did not always agree with him, for some of his views were difficult to understand, and they made him often a lonely man, keeping him apart. He would plough his lonely furrow feeling that God was with him always, everywhere, in everything he did, through good or ill—except that he believed that nothing could be ill in God's good world. He believed, like Browning, that all was well, and that the whole Creation moves at the will of God to some end nobler and nobler yet.

For months we had not seen him, for he went abroad where he could live in some small cheap hotel. For weeks we had not heard from him, and then there came to us an insistent remem-

YOUR VILLAGE

A Five-Pound Note For a Description

We print below a description of an English village. It is an attempt to describe a place that many travellers go to see and to put on record the proud and beautiful things that it contains.

We offer a prize of £5 for the best description of a village sent to us during July. It should describe briefly and concisely the things that make the village attractive:

Its natural charm
Its historic interest
Its artistic possessions
Its human associations

It should mention, for instance, any feature in the church, such as a brass portrait, a beautiful piece of carving, an old font, any interesting tombs. It should mention any famous people, old houses, fine avenues, ancient yews.

That description will be considered best which gives most information of these things; a word or two of description with the age in the most concise way. Paragraphs may be from 100 to 500 words long, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

In addition to the £5 prize for the best village sent in there will be a prize of £2 for the second best, and £1 for the third best, and a minimum of 5s will be paid for any one printed.

All envelopes must be marked Village in the left-hand corner, and envelopes must contain nothing else. They should reach the C.N. office before July 31.

Our Village

The following description of an actual village is given to show what is needed.

Side by side for centuries have stood the inn and the church on the summit of the hill, from which 68 towers and spires can be seen on a good day.

For hundreds of years the red roofs have been looking out across the Weald; beautiful they look from below as we climb up the narrow path which brings us out by the beautiful yew facing the church. The fronts of the old houses facing the church are very fine.

The two yew arches under which we reach the church lead us on into the 14th century. Here sleep the Colepeppers. Alexander and his wife lie with their effigies in painted wood in a recess beneath a brilliant stained-glass window, and just above them is a wall-carving of their children looking down. Thomas Colepepper and his wife kneel close by at an alabaster tomb, with striking portraits of their four daughters and twelve sons.

An old church table which disappeared into the inn some time during the centuries is back in its place, with the marks of shove-halfpenny all over it. The oak door is very fine; it swings to and fro in as fine a position as any church in Kent.

Continued from the previous column

branch of him for three days. It was one of his happy ways to come up to a Kent hilltop when the peas were ready, and we said to ourselves that we must let him know the peas were coming on. The next morning, in The Times, were these few lines:

MACFIE. On June 9, 1931, at a London nursing home, RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE, M.A., M.B., C.M., LL.D., eldest son of the late Ronald Campbell Macfie of Aberdeen.

The lonely wanderer on the face of the Earth had come quietly back to London, and quietly passed into the Universe. Earth has one noble soul the less, Heaven one rare spirit more. A.M.

MAKING DANGER ON THE ROAD

The Smoke Nuisance

WHY IS THE STEAM LORRY ALLOWED?

Another loss of life has occurred on the road which need never have been.

A motor-car was travelling very slowly near Faversham in Kent when a thick cloud of smoke from burning refuse was blown across its path.

It enveloped the driver so that he could not see where he was going, and before he knew what was happening a milk wagon was on him. He swerved away, but not fast enough to prevent a shaft of the wagon from piercing the windscreen and mortally wounding his father, who was his fellow-passenger.

When it should be the most urgent care of all road users to do all that lies in their power to reduce the appalling toll of motor accidents it is the height of stupidity and folly to allow smoke to add its perils to their task.

A bonfire such as this might be regarded as accidental, though this sort of thing is constantly happening; and at the same time great lorries are allowed on the road which burn coal and distribute smuts and smoke and gritty fragments to the discomfort and danger of every other traveller. We have seen a roadway filled with smoke from steam lorries, and it is a constant marvel to us that this kind of thing can be allowed.

THE CHINESE WALL AROUND A PAGEANT

50,000 People Who Could Not See

WHY DOES THE WAR OFFICE DO THESE THINGS?

Three years ago the C.N. printed this paragraph, and as one of our grown-up papers has this year said much the same thing it would appear that the War Office manner has not changed, and so we print it again.

We wonder if it would be possible to find a more striking example of military aloofness from reality than is seen in the Trooping the Colour Pageant on the Horse Guards Parade.

Armed with a ticket entitling us to a privileged place we took up our position much more than an hour before the time. We found ourselves wedged in a crowd of tens of thousands of people, and in front of it all stood a solid double wall of redcoats packed as close as bricks so that no glimpse of colour should come through. The King passed by beyond the wall, and for an hour whatever happened went on unseen by 50,000 people.

Those bored with watching nothing were helpless to escape, but they had at least time to ask themselves why a War Office is what it is. If Trooping the Colour is a sight to see, why should a great wall of soldiers be placed in front of it to prevent 50,000 people seeing anything? Why, if this must be, could not the soldiers stand a little space apart so that the 50,000 could see through?

The answer, no doubt, is that it has never occurred to the military mind.

THINGS SAID

I do not like jazzy art. The King
Mud thrown is ground lost.

Boy Scout Bulletin

I have spent my life in giving; there is nothing left to leave. Mrs Ada M. Lewis

Life in an explosive factory is safer than in London streets. Sir William Pope

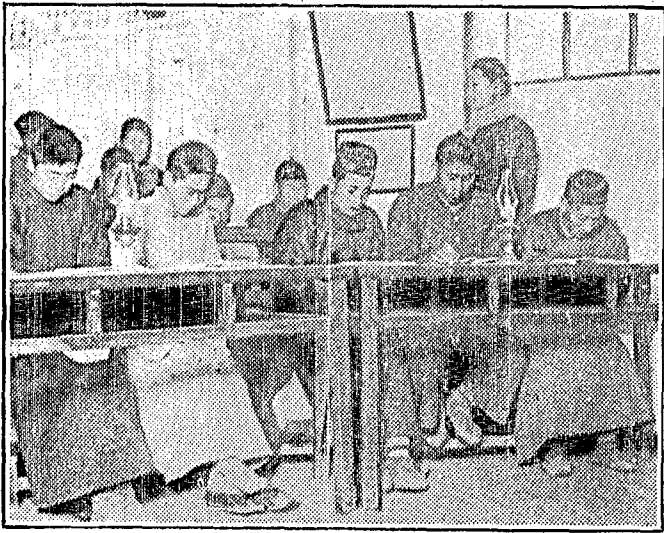
The beauty of England seems incredible. Mr J. B. Priestley on returning from America

June 27, 1931

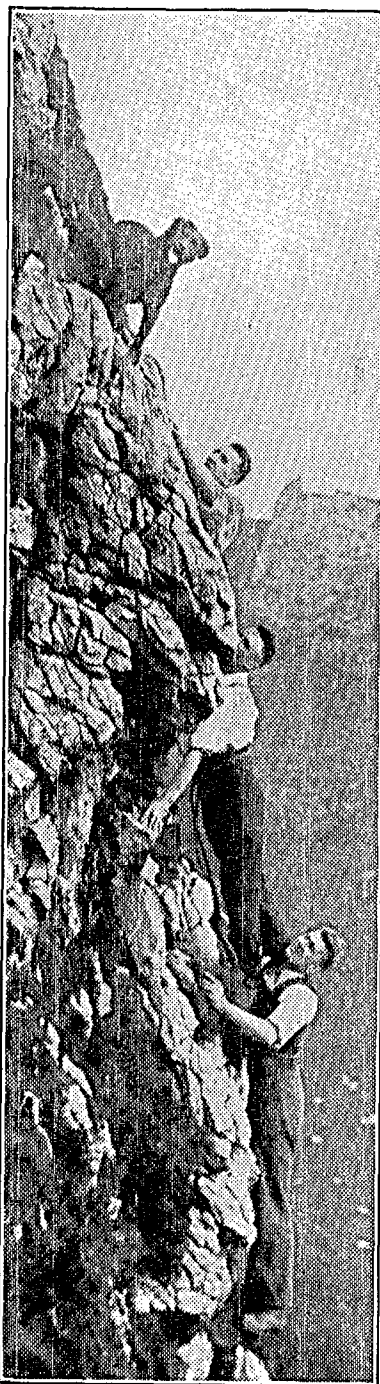
The Children's Newspaper

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NIGHT SCHOOL IN CHINA · RESCUING A DOG · LIGHTING UP THE ZOO



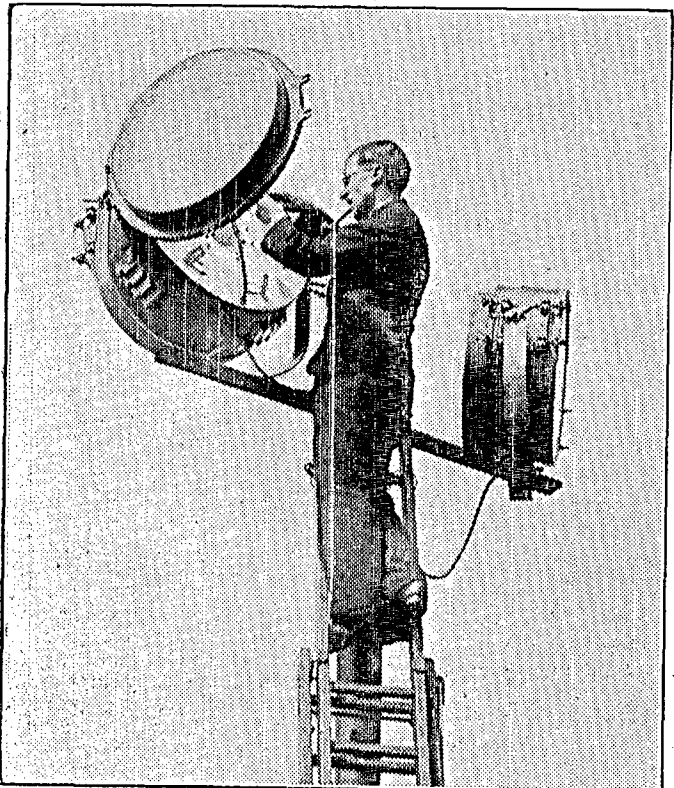
The Midnight Oil—The benefits of education are fully realised by these Chinese manual labourers in a night school at Peking. It will be noticed that oil lamps provide illumination.



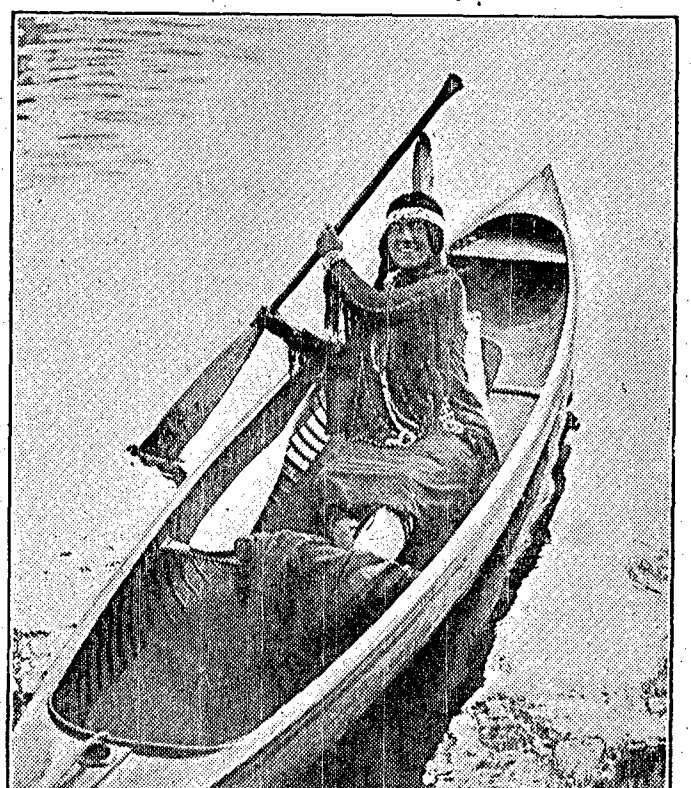
The Rescue—Some members of the Peak Climbing Club at Winnate Pass, near Sheffield, rescuing a dog which had fallen into a perilous position.



At the Show—In this charming picture from Scotland Miss Betty Howie is seen with her two champions at the Renfrewshire Agricultural Society's Show at Paisley.



Flood-Lighting the Zoo—The London Zoo is again this year open to the public on Thursday evenings till 11 p.m., and flood-lighting is being installed. This electrician is attending to one of the lamps.



Seen in London—While Princess Wah-oo-ah, the famous Red Indian singer, was in London for the performance of Hiawatha at the Albert Hall she was able to spend an odd hour on the lake in Regent's Park.



A Very Young Band—When the Duke of York attends the Founder's Day celebrations of Dr Barnardo's Homes this Saturday at Barking he will hear music provided by some of the children. These little girls are seen rehearsing for the occasion.

THE SIX MEN OF TOLPUDDLE

WHAT HAPPENED IN ENGLAND 100 YEARS AGO

The Days of Terror That Have Passed Away For Ever

A FAMOUS VILLAGE STORY

Flame of Freedom, by Owen Rattenbury; with a note by Mr Arthur Henderson, M.P. Epworth Press. 3s 6d.

The story of the Tolpuddle Martyrs should never be forgotten. It has just been told anew in this book.

One February morning in 1834 the village constable of Tolpuddle called six farm labourers from their beds and told them that they were arrested.

The brothers George and James Loveless, Thomas Standfield and his son John, quiet James Hammett, and young Jim Brine were, all respectable men. Except for Brine they were devout Methodists, and the Lovelesses were well known as preachers on village greens.

As an Example to Others

Not for poaching or drunken brawling were such men marched seven miles to Dorchester, and there brought before a magistrate who committed them to prison. At the Assizes they were charged with mutiny and conspiracy and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude beyond the seas, "not for anything you have done or intended to do, but as an example to others," said the judge.

They had only joined a Trade Union. James Hammett had not even done that, but kept silent to save his brother John.

In the strange far-away England of 1834 trade unions were new things, and because trade unionists took secret oaths many people believed them dangerous.

In a Convict Ship

There had been many acts of mob violence since the coming of machinery. The hand workers thought machinery would take away their livelihood. Rioters burned mills, smashed looms, and looted houses. A manufacturer was murdered in cold blood. In country districts very many ricks were burned. These deeds sprang from discontent with wages, so did the unions, and some people could not help linking them together.

But the Tolpuddle men were law-abiding and particularly religious. They had united in order to wring 10s a week from farmers who said they could only pay 7s. When they took the secret oath they did not know it was illegal. At the trial it was made abundantly clear that they were the flower of the village, splendid workers, sober, decent, kindly men.

Yet they were put in irons, and the six-months voyage began. It was torment for such men to be packed into a convict ship with some 240 of the vilest criminals alive, but most terrible was the thought of their families. Refused parish relief, turned out of their cottages, and living with neighbours who had not enough to eat, these wives and children endured great sufferings.

Treated Like Slaves

When the convicts reached Australia they were treated like slaves. Some worked at making roads, all chained together, while overseers armed with whips lashed any man who stopped his work a moment.

No wonder trade unionists call these six men the Tolpuddle Martyrs. They bore their sufferings with noble patience, dignity, and faith.

England came to their rescue at last. Dr Thomas Wakley, M.P., the founder of the doctor's paper still running as The Lancet, agitated until the Government was forced to declare that the men were pardoned and should be brought home. The pardon took six months to reach

DOOR TO DOOR BIG RAILWAY REFORMS

Rail and Road Working Together as They Should Do

FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER

British railways have now organised swift motor-lorry services on the roads to link up with the railways, and it is claimed that a splendid door-to-door conveyance is the result.

This is entirely as it should be, and we may hope that not only the railways but the public will obtain a good and speedy service.

Store places at the rail-heads enable the trader to place stocks close to his market, and often goods can now be delivered to a customer within a few hours of receipt of the order. When the trader's business is big enough special vans are provided painted with his name.

Railways as Distributors

Railway lorries will now deliver bricks or other material to a new building site in the country or they will deliver electric cables, drainage pipes, and so on. Thus the railways become more than carriers, and are in a sense retail distributors. Month by month this business is increasing.

An excellent thing about these reforms is that they should economise national transport as a whole. In some cases they will undoubtedly save firms the necessity of having road transport of their own.

Many types of lorries are employed. Bulky articles such as girders, boilers, and machinery are now carried on specially designed lorries, and tipping trucks are used for sand and other building and road materials. Then there are special lorries for cattle.

What One Railway Does

We cannot give particulars for all the railways, but the extent of the new road development may be gathered from the Great Western service, which claims that almost every village in its territory has the benefit of these services.

It has 1331 motor-lorries and vans and 3700 horse-vehicles. This road fleet makes ten thousand rounds every day. Country lorry services work from 136 centres, covering an average of 12 miles from each centre, and give carting facilities at 540 stations.

It is with great pleasure that we record these important railway reforms, which with improving trade are bound to help to put the railways on their feet again and must prove to be of immense service to the public.

Continued from the previous column

Australia. The Governor wrote back to say that the release would be illegal, and the home Government had to write again insisting on it. It was not till after 18 months of anguish that the day was won. Even then no diligence was used to get the men home. James Hammett, who worked on a lonely sheep farm, one day picked up an old newspaper containing the news of the pardon; he had served four years of his sentence, and might have served it all but for finding that scrap of paper.

He is the chief hero of the story, the man who suffered for his brother. After his return he refused to talk about his sufferings. All the men were given enough money to buy farms and set up for themselves, but Hammett became blind in his old age, and insisted on going to the workhouse instead of being a burden to his kinsmen.

Such is the great story told in this book. Mr Arthur Henderson, our Foreign Minister, rightly says in his foreword that the tale cannot be told too often. Out of the seed sown by these heroes has grown the liberty and opportunity we have today, and though we may wish, perhaps, that a touch of bitterness were missing from this book, we welcome it as keeping alive one of the most stirring pages in our island story.

LET US KNOW EACH OTHER

Friends by Wireless

By a Continental Correspondent

A monthly publication issued in Geneva whose purpose is the promoting of friendship and goodwill among the rising generation of the various countries gives a pleasant instance of the eagerness with which any chance of a better understanding is seized upon by those who fifteen years ago studied only how best to misunderstand one another.

A German schoolmistress travelling in England, and speaking of her visit to the young people of Frankfurt, asked her wireless audience to send her messages for the young people of England. In consequence she received thirty letters, mostly in English, four of which she read out in London during the Children's Hour. The results were surprising. Within a few days as many as 150 answers arrived from English correspondents whose ages varied from six to forty years, all of them wishing to start a regular correspondence with young German girls and boys.

On her return to Germany the schoolmistress broadcast the echo the German letters had raised in England, with the result that she received more than a hundred responses to the English offers from would-be correspondents whose ages varied between nine and 42. The greater number of writers were between 15 and 18. The ensuing correspondence has led to an exchange of pictures, papers, and photographs, and in many cases personal meetings are being planned.

WHAT TO DO WITH IDLE CHILDREN

New York's Good Way

New York State has an excellent method of dealing with unemployed young workers.

They are not left to crowd the Employment Offices. The State has continuation schools, and boys and girls who cannot find work are assigned for perhaps twenty hours a week, or full time, to classes, the employment office being notified in the meantime as to each assignment so that any applicant may be placed immediately if a suitable post becomes available.

It is fully realised that much of the unemployment among working boys and girls is due to lack of training and to a wrong attitude toward work in general, and a definite plan of cooperation has been worked out between the continuation schools and the Department of Labour so that the child looking for work may have all possible assistance in finding it and yet may utilise his waiting time in training.

AFTER 13 YEARS

A Government Opens Its Cupboard

18,000 flannel shirts	46,000 articles of underwear
42,000 pairs of socks	7000 woollen cardigans
48,000 pairs of trousers	3500 pairs of stockings
13,000 pairs of boots	

This is not a list of articles for sale, but of war stocks of army clothing which have remained for thirteen years in the store cupboards of the Department of National Defence of Canada.

They were handed over a short time ago to the Canadian Red Cross to be given out to needy people throughout the country.

What has happened, we wonder, to similar stocks in other countries? Does it mean that Canada is determined to have no more war?

ANOTHER DREAM COMES TRUE

REAL FAIRY TALE OF THE QUEEN'S GARDEN

What Has Happened to an Old Yard in West Ham

PLANTS FROM SANDRINGHAM

The story of the old ironyard in West Ham is like a fairy tale. Of course there are no fairies in West Ham, but there are angels.

It grieved the angels to see so many people crowded into little houses in narrow streets, without gardens, without space, without gaiety. These angels, who look remarkably like human beings, have been trying for a long time to brighten the lives of the poorest folk through the West Ham Central Mission. But they could not turn those narrow streets into airy playgrounds.

A Strange Happening

One day a strange thing happened. Mrs Rowntree Clifford, whose husband is superintendent of the mission, had a vision of a beautiful garden. The dream, vision, or inspiration told her that once this garden had been an old ironyard in West Ham. That dismal old eyesore, known to them all, had been changed into a little paradise.

The visionary is a practical woman, and she wrote to tell Mr George Lansbury about her dream. He could not make her a grant from public funds, but he did tell an unnamed man about it, and the man gave £2000 to make the woman's dream come true. Then someone told the Queen, and she sent a garden seat and some plants from Sandringham. Then someone told Princess Mary, who said she would go to open it, and was as good as her word the other day.

Among the Flowers

And now the ironyard is the Queen's Garden. In the morning invalid children have their lessons here among the flowers, and learn to read without knowing it by spelling out the jolly names of the walks and paths. Ricketty toddlers and anaemic children are going to grow brown and sturdy in the sun and air instead of growing paler in classrooms.

But all the 2000 members of the mission may use the garden. They are all hardworking people, and it will be a rare joy to slip into the peace of the garden for a short rest after a hard day over the washtub or in a factory. Think of the family who live in one room, and have to hang all their laundry up in that room to dry, and can now escape from that sodden, dripping canopy to the Queen's Garden!

NORTH AND SOUTH

Something Should Be Done

As we have pointed out before, there is much more unemployment in the North of England than in the South, because the old-established industries, iron, cotton, wool, shipbuilding, and so on, which are the chief sufferers, are mainly in the northern counties.

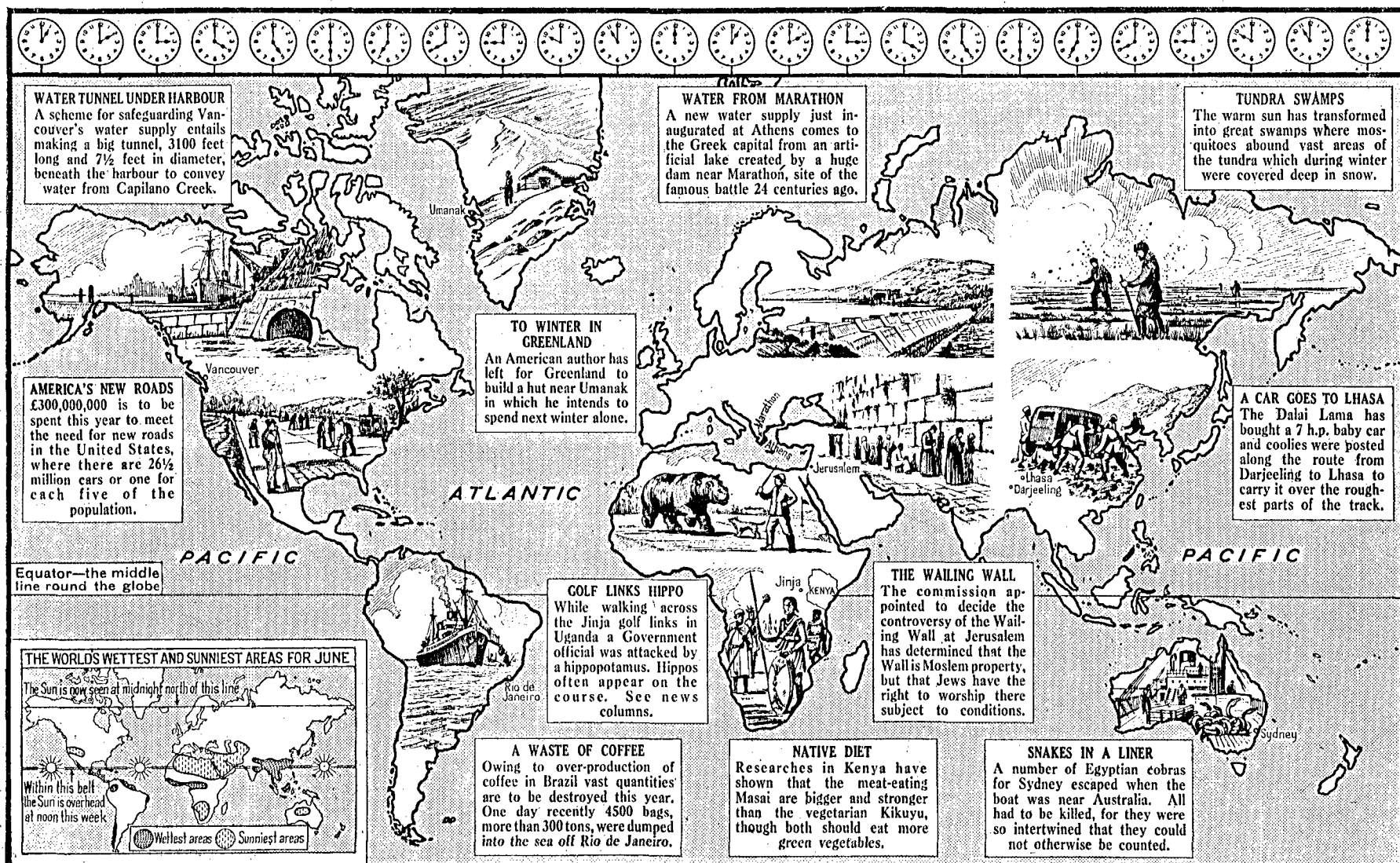
As a consequence there has been a crime wave in the North of a somewhat serious character. Crime has also increased in the South since 1921, but not as much as in the North of England. Unfortunately, too, we have to notice a considerable increase in juvenile crime.

Here is still another argument for immediate and serious attention to the problem of unemployment, which is not only ruining industries but ruining lives.

A peak in the Angeles National Forest, California, has been named Mount Baden-Powell.

It has been officially reported that steel workers earning £6 10s for four days a week have been drawing unemployment pay for the other two days.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A BOULDER FROM MAJUBA

Why It Comes to Fulham

HEROIC DEED OF LONG AGO

How little do we think, as we pass by, of the romance that lies behind a grave?

We are set thinking of it on reading of the visit of Sir Ian Hamilton to Fulham the other day, to the grave of a V.C. hero of Majuba, Lance-Corporal J. J. Farmer.

He is not forgotten by the survivors of that disastrous morning, fifty years ago, when General Colley and half his force were killed.

A boulder from Majuba Hill has been brought to England and placed on the hero's grave, and the memorial was unveiled by Sir Ian Hamilton, who was an actual witness of Lance-Corporal Farmer's deed of heroism.

Sir Ian recalled how, when he was shot through the wrist during the desperate attack by the Boers, who had crept right in among the British, he turned and saw Farmer, an R.A.M.C. man, standing waving a stick, with a white handkerchief tied to it, over the wounded. The corporal was shot through the arm and dropped the flag, but at once he picked it up again and went on waving it until his other arm was shot through, and the Boers closed in on him.

AMERICA'S INVESTMENTS

Remarkable Growth

Before the war the United States investments in foreign countries were comparatively small, running to about 400 million pounds.

Since the war there has been a great growth, and it is estimated that they now reach nearly 3000 million pounds. This figure takes no account of the great Government debts of Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and other countries to America.

It is estimated that the United States has now about 1200 million pounds invested in South America.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS ON THE LINKS

Invading the Golfer's Shrine

The Jinja Golf Club has a special by-law providing that there shall be no penalty for the removal of a ball from a hippopotamus's footprints.

The Jinja Golf Club is not the invention of Mr Heath Robinson or Peter Puck, but a real club overlooking the Ripon Falls, where the Nile issues from the Victoria Nyanza.

That by-law must have been joked about every time a stranger came to the links, but it is no longer a laughing matter. The other evening Mr R. T. Wickham, an agricultural officer of the Uganda Protectorate stationed at Jinja, was crossing the course when a hippopotamus appeared and, after charging at Mr Wickham's dog, turned to attack him. The dog was killed but the man escaped.

Hitherto the hippos who wander in the neighbourhood of the falls have been good-tempered creatures and behaved as vegetarians should. But just as a cow may occasionally turn quarrelsome, though most of her kind are placid, so an occasional hippopotamus may behave badly, and then he is a terrifying proposition. See World Map

ARTIFICIAL SILK

Last year the whole world's output of artificial silk was 186 million kilograms as against 196 millions in 1929, so that the reduction was quite small. Unfortunately, however, consumption fell much more, so that stocks were considerably raised.

The chief producer is now America, and Italy takes second place. Unfortunately for Italy, however, the home consumption is small owing to the poverty of the home market. It is thus very much the same with motor-cars, for Italy finds it very difficult to dispose of her considerable production. Our British rayon industry is recovering and doing well in relation to trade in general.

QUEEN'S GARDEN AND CAESAR'S GRAVE

A Chance to See Both

When the world goes by Marlborough House it looks up and says "Queen Alexandra used to live there."

On July 1 the door will be open, and people who have bought tickets for the garden party in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street will be able to go in.

The Prince of Wales, who is president of the hospital, has lent the garden. He owns Marlborough House but prefers to live in St James's Palace; and we do not wonder, for it is the dearest little palace in the world.

Perhaps the guests will only glance at the flowers, and will gaze long at the little cemetery tucked away in a corner. Here are small tombstones to several animals who helped to cheer the solitude in which royalty must live. Kings, more than most men, must value a dog's love because there is no flattery in it.

One of the tombstones bears the name of Caesar, King Edward's terrier. Everybody knew him, and knew how he mourned when his master died. He alone never said: *Le roi est mort: vive le roi!* For him there was only one master. So the widowed queen buried the faithful dog in her own garden, and had a portrait of dog and master let into the headstone.

Many people will want to see it. Many sick children will be the better for the money paid by those people.

THE WALLS THAT KEEP OUT TRADE

Let us discourage attempts to erect artificial barriers against foreign trade.

If we want our foreign trade to prosper we have to make it easy for people to trade with us.

We cannot expect to do all the selling and have other people do all the buying.

Mr Lamont, partner of Mr Pierpont Morgan of U.S.A.

420 ACRES FOR ENGLAND

A Kind Lady's Share of the New Forest

ARE WE GOING BACKWARD?

A generous woman has just given 420 acres of England to England.

She is Mrs Briscoe Eyre, who owned the manorial rights over the commons of Bramshaw, Cadnam, and Plaitford in the New Forest. In 1928 she presented the rights over Bramshaw, Cadnam, and a small part of Plaitford to the National Trust. Now she has added the rights over the rest of Plaitford, and has brought the acreage of her gift up to 726. It is a noble gift, for the land is as lovely as it is spacious.

So many gifts of land have been made to the nation lately that it sometimes seems as if we were returning to those ancient days when all land belonged to the king, which really meant to the people. There was no income tax in those days, and no regular army for the defence of the realm, so the king granted the use of certain lands to men who promised to help in times of war. Some fields were cultivated by all the villagers together, and every man had a right to graze his beasts on the common grazing grounds. Gradually the land passed away from king and people, and we can never return to quite the old arrangement because now we are a nation of factory and office workers instead of a nation of field workers.

But sometimes it seems as if all the most beautiful parts of England will soon belong to the people, not through revolution, but through the generosity of private owners. There could not be a happier ending to the story of the land in England.

There are nearly 3000 rest-houses for walkers in the British Isles.

Owners of parks in some parts of Cheshire are being compelled to close them to the public owing to the damage done by Litter Louts.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 27

1931

Charity Never Faileth

IT has fallen to the Prince of Wales to supply the answer to those who make the needs of the hospitals the excuse for sweepstakes.

The Prince revealed the extent of that marvellous charitable spirit which survives all the vicissitudes of hard times or falling incomes. In one year the amount of voluntary gifts the London hospitals received was £2,845,000. It is fair to suppose that in this country the sum approached four million pounds.

Of the 140 hospitals on the books of King Edward's Hospital Fund there are some which last year received more than usual and some less. Taken altogether there was no falling-off in charity.

If once the charitable public got the idea that the hospitals were receiving money from sweepstakes their contributions would fall, even if the springs of Charity did not tend to dry up. There are many, among which the C.N. counts itself, who detest the idea of ministering to the needs of hospitals or charitable institutions by the proceeds of any form of gambling.

It is within our knowledge that when the honorary treasurer of one of the great London hospitals publicly announced his determination that his hospital, at any rate, would accept no such tainted money he received a great number of letters from his subscribers not only applauding his resolution, but enclosing cheques. One old lady came to see him bringing, together with her congratulations, £34 in notes.

This wise man was perfectly certain that if he took money for the hospital from sweepstakes the charitable subscriptions would fall off. This was not merely because many of the subscribers would detest the idea, but because many more, who were perhaps indifferent to the notion, would suppose that there was less need for them to give.

Left alone the marvellous spirit of charity, like Truth itself, is great and will prevail. It goes on all the time, hour by hour, and never fails. We are asked to sacrifice this sort of income, which blesses him that gives and him that takes, and which can always be depended on, for the sake of a flash in the pan like a sweepstake, which will soon cease to be effective.

By any calculations the sweepstake gives the hospitals much less than it gives the gamblers, and a huge sweepstake may cost about a million in what are called expenses.

It is good news that the craze for gambling is not likely to be allowed to become a blot on our hospital system or to stem the noble tide of charity.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why Not Walk?

WE love the thought of young people roaming about this beautiful country, seeing its loveliness for themselves. Our England is a garden that beats every garden made by man.

But why should he who roams this garden be called a hiker?

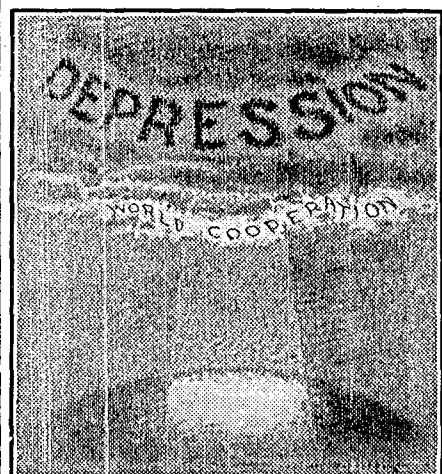
It sounds wrong and it is wrong, and for ourselves of the C.N. we shall continue to roam about our garden of England, but we shall continue to walk instead of hike.

3000 Mothers

OUR Chief Medical Officer, Sir George Newman, reminding us that 700,000 babies are born in this country every year, tells us that we lose 3000 mothers and damage thousands more because we do not care enough.

"If you gave me the care and supervision of these 3000," says Sir George, "I guarantee that I would save three-quarters of them."

In God's name let us give them to him. Parliament has no time, or appears to have no time, to bother about babies being burned to death with celluloid toys, but surely the fate of 3000 mothers will appeal to it.



The Silver Lining

One More Good Thing

ONE thing, at any rate, has passed away since the war. By whatever means it has been done, the terrible poverty of pre-war days has disappeared.

One little witness comes from Kent where, in reporting on the health of the schools, Dr Alfred Greenwood tells us that the number of meals supplied in school canteens has more than doubled in the last seven years, but the number of free meals has gone down from 80,000 to under 10,000.

That is something indeed to be thankful for. Had the same state of poverty existed last year as existed even in 1924 the free meals would have been 160,000; as it is they were last year under 10,000.

Kent education is one of the prides of the country, and we are glad to add this laurel to its crown.

The Meanest Person

A READER from Guildford sends us a note of another Very Mean Person who she thinks beats all the others in our list. He is

One who carefully keeps a Flanders Poppy and wears it on next Poppy Day.

It seems a sad case, and we understand it is true, but we suppose it is the only case of its kind in the nation.

The Only Way

AFTER the fall and disappearance of my system, it seems to me that the only way in which an equilibrium can be achieved in Europe is through a League of Nations. Napoleon

Tip-Cat

A NATURE writer says English apple trees want a lot of beating. More often they only get shaken.

BANANA-COLOURED frocks are coming into fashion. Will they make people look skinny?

A JAZZ band has been seeing how long it can play at a stretch. Must be a rubber band.

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP ate seven pounds of steak at a sitting. How much would he have eaten if he had stood up?

MANY professional footballers are said to be under-paid. Why don't they kick?

FRUIT is becoming more and more fashionable in England. We are always up to date.

SOMEBODY complains that young people never give up their seats to their elders. They are used to being sat on.

THE strange light recently seen in the sky was probably the Sun.

KING CAROL is hoping to mould Rumania to his ideals. Ugh!

DENTISTS, we are told, are generally patriotic. They think we should all pull together.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if roller-skating is hard. The floor is.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Carnegie Trust has given £10,000 to the Youth Hostels.

A BUNCH of roses from the Queen was sold at Christie's for £1000 on Alexandra Day.

A READER of The Times has left £100 to the paper in thankfulness for the daily pleasure it has given him through a long life.

JUST AN IDEA

It is hard for the soul to shine through a made-up face.

Three Whys

It is good that we should all understand why things are done. Here are three of the great foundation-stones on which our English civilisation rests and the reasons why we have established them as part of our national life.

Why Taxation and Representation Go Together

THERE is a principle in public affairs which we express by saying that taxation and representation must go together.

It means that a country has no right to take any man's property unless he has a say in the matter; otherwise it is robbery.

Now it would never be possible to ask each man whether he objects to pay each tax put on him. Many would say No to all taxes, and the money needed to carry on the State would never be collected.

The only practical way is to have a limited number of elected men to decide what ought to be spent and what laws ought to be made; and each man has his share in what is done by voting for one of these elected men.

If a man thinks taxation, or any other action of the Government, is unjust he can join with others to elect men who will alter it.

Why We Do Not Elect Our Judges

In some countries judges are elected. British judges are appointed by the Crown. Why is that?

What we need in a judge is sound knowledge of the law, fidelity to the great traditions of British justice, and a personal capacity for impartial judgment. Our choice of a judge is made in a region of calm, on intimate knowledge; because once he is appointed he remains independent, and can only be removed by a special Act of Parliament agreed to by both Houses and the King.

All this is as far removed as can be from an election involving partisanship and in which the voting is by those who have little knowledge of the qualities required in a judge.

The average mind is not drawn to the impartial man. It likes partisanship. That is why legal judgment in countries where judges are elected tends to be uneven; and the choice by a few ripe minds makes British justice a national glory.

Why Education is Compulsory

Because without education we cannot make the best use of our natural powers, and that must be a loss to us and the world.

Because all of us are now citizens and an ignorant citizen is a danger.

Because the uneducated miss some of the richest of life's joys.

Because education is one means of defence against roguery.

Education does not mean schooling only: it includes all training in life's duties. Many a man who never had a bookish education has done fine work through practical education; but he would have done still better work with a wider education.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If Wimbledon can stand the racquet

THE FIRST SCHOOL BOOKS

HOW SHAKESPEARE LEARNED HIS A B C

A Wonderful Collection of Small Treasures

NEXT MONTH IN THE AUCTION ROOM

One of the rare events of a generation has happened at Mr Hurcomb's famous rostrum, and the event is not yet finished. A collection of Horn-Books such as had never been offered to the public was advertised to be sold, together with some books, leaflets, and toy bookcases described as Juvenile Literature.

Such a collection meant a buyer with a heavy purse, for Mr Hurcomb felt that he could not start the bidding at less than £5000. The heavy-pursed buyer was evidently not there, and to the great pleasure of many people the collection is to be offered again, in lots, early in July. The books will be on show before the sale.

Rarer Than Caxton Books

Horn-books are extremely rare, rarer than Caxton books even, the reason being that when they were used, from earliest times to about the end of the eighteenth century, they were so ordinary that few families troubled to keep them. All children, high and low, learned their letters from horn-books, Chaucer and Shakespeare and the village children in the dame school. The earlier books were handed on from one generation to another.

The original horn-book was a piece of thin wood with a little handle, not unlike an oblong hand mirror or a small oblong battledore. Very often there was a hole in the handle, so that the book could be slung to the scholar's girdle. On one side was a piece of vellum with the alphabet in small letters and then in capitals, then the Lord's Prayer and the Roman numerals. Sometimes there was a row of consonants, each with a vowel.

Criss-Cross Row

Either at the top or the foot of the page was a cross, and this gave the horn-book its nursery name of Criss-Cross Row. The vellum was protected from sticky fingers by a piece of transparent horn, and from this came the general name. On the reverse side was generally some piece of religious carving and another cross, an angel, or saint, painted in bright colours.

In some cases the letters were carved or burned into the wood. Many horn-books were home-made, some were made by craftsmen. Naturally there are no two quite alike. Of the early kind of horn-book there are only three specimens in the British Museum, one in Rylands Library, Manchester, and four in the Bodleian. There is a relic of one at Stratford-on-Avon which may possibly have been Shakespeare's.

An Ivory Horn-Book

Presently the hand-written vellum gave place to little sheets of stout paper or vellum printed on a hand press, and this class of horn-book developed into something more decorated and consciously artistic. A famous horn-book from which the children of the Duke of Marlborough learned to read is one solid piece of ivory, including the handle. There is a very rare one made of cardboard. One bears the crest of an ancient City Guild.

Of this collection at Hurcomb's 50 are guaranteed by experts to be genuine; there are 100 others, exceedingly inter-

THE BRAY OF A WISE DONKEY

THERE is a black donkey in a village near Peking which has beaten all the detectives of the district at their own game. It has arrested one of a band of robbers long wanted by the police.

Last November a villager named Liu rode off on his black donkey for a shopping trip in Peking, but he never returned. After some time his family learned that he had been attacked by bandits and killed, his purchases and money stolen, and the donkey carried off by the robbers. All efforts to catch the criminals proved unsuccessful.

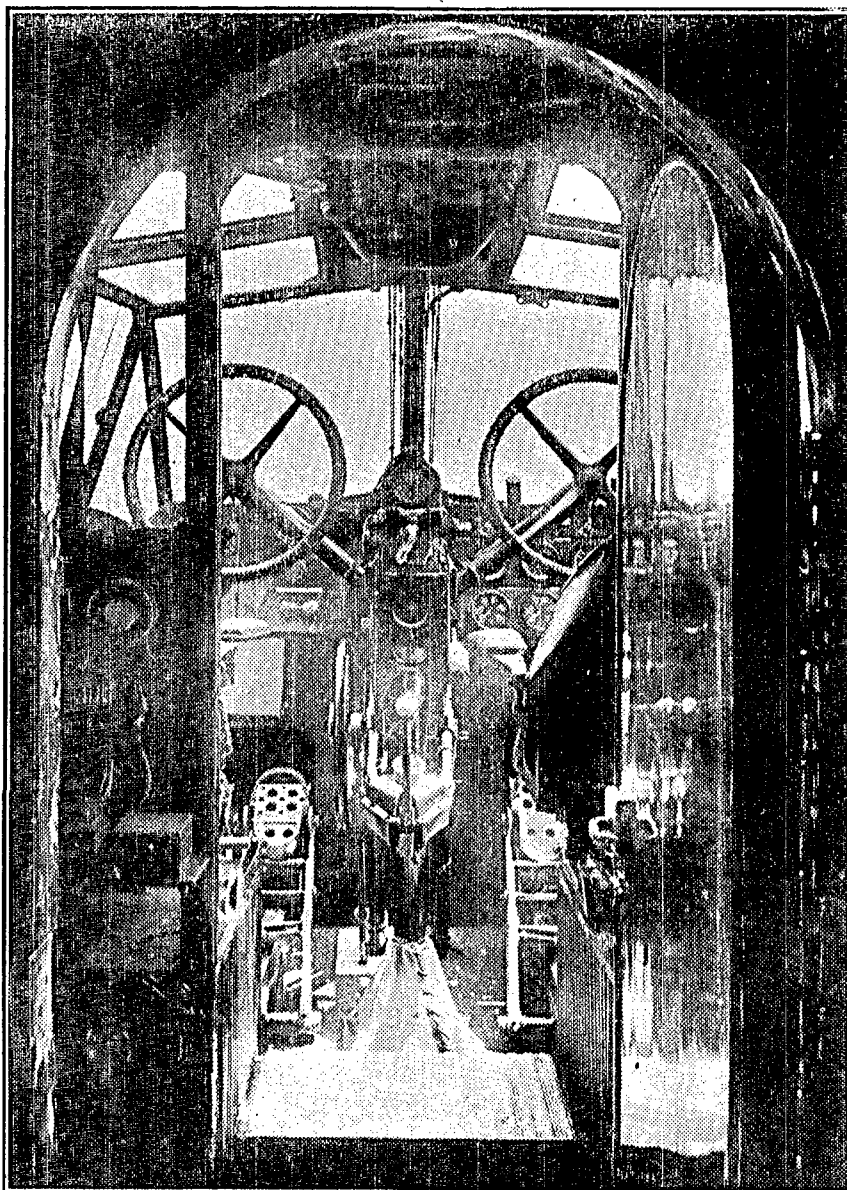
Months went by, and then, a short time ago, the Liu family were amazed to see the black donkey dash into their courtyard carrying a young man on its back. While the donkey brayed with delight at being home again, or perhaps with a touch of pride in its own clever-

ness, the villagers seized and tied up the rider, handing him over to the nearest police-station. It turned out that he was one of the robbers, and happened to be riding near the village when the donkey made a determined dash for its old home. Not even a bandit could stop a donkey in these circumstances.

At first the man denied all knowledge of the crime and declared the animal belonged to a man whose address he gave. The police promptly arrested this one also, and the two, no doubt feeling that there was no escape from such a donkey, at last confessed.

After that the entire village took a holiday. Banners were flown, drums and gongs beaten, people crowded in from the neighbouring hills to see and admire the triumphant procession led by a black donkey draped in a piece of red satin.

THE CONTROL ROOM



This striking picture of the pilot's cabin in Hannibal, the great new Imperial Airways liner, emphasises the responsible nature of the work of the pilot of a modern air liner. The controls, it will be noticed, are in duplicate. Hannibal, the first of a fleet of 42-seat machines, has four Bristol Jupiter engines developing 2200 h.p. in all.

Continued from the previous column

esting and various, which may be genuine or may be a clever forgery. Even the clever Mr Hurcomb is not sure of them.

As well as the horn-books the collection includes a most delightful set of little coloured books, leaflets and poems, town-cries illustrated, and a few tiny cabinets some six or eight inches high with a sliding front revealing three or four bookshelves. On the shelves is arranged The Infants' Library. We illustrated one of these some time ago.

It is good to know that these rare things are to be offered to the public again, in smaller lots, as in that case they may be spread over the country and not be isolated in our great museums.

A FAMOUS CRICKETER

John Dixon, who captained the Notts cricket eleven in its palmiest days, has passed on, leaving many regrets and many memories behind him.

He found his way into the eleven as a bat in days when Notts had the great Shrewsbury and long William Gunn to go in first for them. He became captain during those exciting years when Notts and Surrey fought famous battles at the Oval or Trent Bridge, and with Yorkshire and Lancashire were always in the race for the County Championship.

A steady bat, a first-change bowler, a hard-working field, and a captain of great judgment, John Dixon was a notable cricketer.

HE FOUND FIVE COMETS

A SENTINEL OF SHOOTING STARS

Denning of the Meteors Passes On

A BOY'S HOBBY

He discovered five comets.

That is a resounding epitaph for any man, but the veteran astronomer William Frederick Denning, of whom it was true, would perhaps have smilingly waved it aside. In his long life of more than eighty years he had searched the skies for so many other things of more outstanding importance.

While still a boy of 17 he took up astronomy as a study, and though his profession of accountancy never brought him wealth he gave all he could save of time and money to his hobby. It was more than a hobby with him; it was his pleasure, his leisure, his recreation, his unpaid business.

The New Star

To the small telescopes with which he began in 1865 he added in time a 10-inch, and then a 12-inch reflecting telescope. With them he was enabled to do a vast amount of observation of the surface markings and periods of rotation of Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

Every clear night found him at his telescope, and it was thus that he added the first sight of five new comets to astronomical knowledge. But he was also responsible for the calculation that between 1850 and 1915 there were 73 other comets found by other observers, so he would not put his cometary discoveries too high. He was prouder of having been the first discoverer of the New Star which burst out in the constellation of Cygnus in 1920.

Yet neither comets nor planets, nebulae or new stars, were his lifework. He was the Sage of the Shooting Stars. In other words, he was the final and chief authority on meteors.

The Recording Bureau

Everyone who saw an unusual shooting star, or with greater care traced the paths and numbers of the shooting stars on some night when the Leonids, the Lyrids, the Andromids were due to streak the skies, sent his results to Denning of Bristol. He was the recording bureau of the meteors. One began to think in time that no meteor shower could take place without him.

It was this patient observation which first revealed that comets sometimes dissolve into swarms of meteors, and that their path may be marked when they have disappeared from view by these bright fragments.

He watched for them so like a patient sentinel of the starry host that, had one fallen when he died, it would have recalled the American poet's fancy that it was a sign that God had somewhere released a picket.

PRICES STILL FALLING

But Trade is Still Slack

Wholesale prices continued to fall in May; the decline was greater than in any month since January.

In the last twelve months prices have fallen over 14 per cent.

As soon as trade revives there will be a recovery of prices as an index to increased buying. We have only to watch the course of prices to know when a definite change occurs in the state of trade. Lead has fallen since last June from £18 to £11 a ton; copper from £51 to £29, tin from £137 to £104.

Yet, although prices are so very low, traders are not confident enough to trade freely or to lay in stock.

THE BEST ENGLISH GAME

OXFORD'S SCHEME FOR HELPING IT

The Good Idea That is Spreading Everywhere

COACHING THE YOUNGSTERS

He shall have cricket wherever he goes, might be said of anyone who motors through England in the summer.

Constantly he comes upon bicycles stacked against park railings and sees in the green beyond them the white-flannelled figures of chauffeur, curate, baker, gardener, colonel, and small-holder playing the best of games.

But what about the little boys, especially those who live in cities?

When they want to play cricket somebody often enough slips off to tell a policeman, because even an old tennis ball struck by a bat made of firewood can break a window, and of course the players cannot pay for breakages.

English Social Instinct

This state of affairs was remedied in Oxford some ten years ago, as C.N. readers well know, when a few enthusiasts got together and started the now famous cricket scheme for Oxford elementary schools.

Put briefly the scheme is that those who have facilities for playing cricket should help those who have not.

Since then college clubs have lent their grounds to teams from elementary schools, and members of the College Elevens have coached the boys. A tremendous amount of pleasure has been given to the boys, they have greatly improved their play, and they have gained in fitness.

The success of the scheme was so great that it outgrew Oxford. In 1925 both the M.C.C. and the London and Southern Cricket Conference (now embracing more than 700 clubs) adopted the principles of the movement. Gradually the movement has become known overseas, and last year the matriculation candidates at the Arndt Gymnasium of Berlin-Dahlen had to write essays on The Oxford Cricket Scheme for Elementary Schoolboys: a Fine Specimen of the Social Instinct of the English.

Unselfishness and Enthusiasm

The success of the scheme has been due to the unselfishness of cricketers and the enthusiasm of the secretary, Mr J. R. F. Turner, who has worked with such extraordinary zeal because he believes that cricket is a means to peace. Some people say that the English place too much value on games, but he thinks games do more than most things to promote international friendship. So we find him writing endless letters about cricket to foreign Governments, and getting some delightful replies. Many of them are published in the tenth annual report, to be had free from Mr Turner at 199, Ilfley Road, Oxford.

Patsy Hendren has said that if England is to produce Don Bradmans she must coach her schoolboys. Each county should send a professional round the elementary and public schools to pick out promising youngsters and teach them, "for tomorrow we shall need the boy of today."

But the Oxford Scheme will do more than produce star players; it will give incalculable joy to keen boys, and will help to level the ugly barriers between men of different countries and different stations. Our generation may be proud of having produced it.

1924 AND 1931

For every hundred people at work in England in 1924 there are now 98 working. We are worse by 2 per cent. Germany is worse by 9 per cent, and America by 27 per cent.

CRICKET AT LORD'S



J. E. Mills



T. C. Lowry, captain



H. G. Vivian



C. S. Dempster



W. E. Merritt



R. C. Blunt



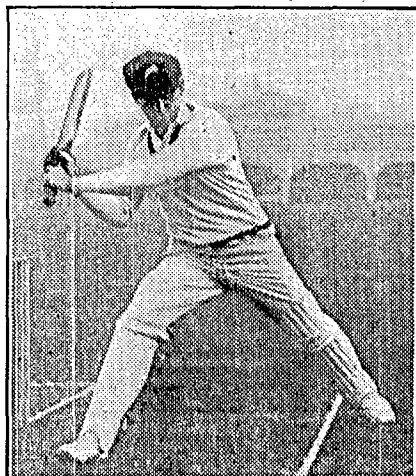
C. F. W. Allcott



I. B. Cromb



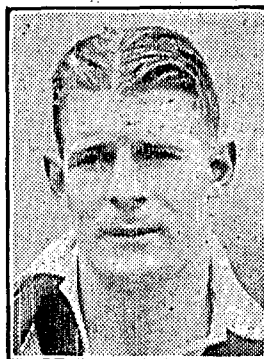
R. O. Talbot



M. L. Page



G. L. Weir



J. L. Kerr



A. M. Matheson



K. O. James

On Saturday there begins at Lord's Cricket Ground in London the first official Test Match to be played in England between New Zealand and the Motherland. Here are portraits of the New Zealand players. See next column.

MAKING CRICKET HISTORY

Players From the Antipodes

FIRST TEST MATCH WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS

England is quite used to displays of cricket at its best by players from the Antipodes.

Australia has sent a cricket team here more often than any other Dominion, but this year fourteen stalwarts have come from New Zealand to the Old Country, and they have been showing what they can do in matches against the county teams.

On Saturday, however, the New Zealanders begin the most important match of their tour when eleven of the fourteen men meet an England eleven at Lord's in the first official Test Match that has ever been played in England between the two countries.

England teams have met the New Zealanders in their own country, in 1922 and again in 1929; and twice before have New Zealand teams visited England. During their 1927 visit it was seen that they were men to be reckoned with; they lost only five out of 38 games.

A Historic Game

Eight of the players who were in that team are with the present tourists. Their captain, T. C. Lowry, is well known in English cricket, for he has played for Cambridge University and for Somerset. He is a hard hitter and so are R. C. Blunt, C. S. Dempster, and J. E. Mills, all of whom have many centuries to their credit. There is no lack of good bowlers.

The team, however, will need to be of all-round excellence if it is to defeat the England team, which is being led by D. R. Jardine of Surrey.

May this historic game which is to be played at Lord's, the H.Q. of cricket, be merely the first of a long series of Tests between England and New Zealand. It is certain that it will be played in the best spirit of the game—and may the better team win!

NEW FOUNTAIN BY THE OLD TOWER

A Saint Who Was a Man of All Trades

There was once an artist who had a great idea. He lived about 700 years ago and his business was to make figures of saints for saints' days. He was asked to make a figure for All Hallows Day and he made a grand sort of saint.

He gave him the beard of a farmer, the iron gauntlets and footwear of a soldier; he put in his hand the book and pen of a scribe; and for clothes he gave him bits of everything that belonged to men of the Church, from a deacon to an archbishop.

He must have been very pleased when he had made this saint of all trades in one. Other craftsmen copied the idea. Figures of this kind were known in many English churches. One was found in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster; there is one at North Cave in Yorkshire; and there was one in a window at All Hallows by the Tower.

Mr Reginald Bell has made a new window for the Prince's Chapel at All Hallows, in honour of the founder of Toc H, and it is delightful to see that among other figures he has shown this old idea of all men being saints.

When the window was unveiled by Lord Irwin the other day another new thing at that very old church was presented, a fountain given to All Hallows by the Thames Lightermen and Tugmen who live in that parish. This is placed in the little church garden.

Mr A. W. Pizzie, who in 1904 won the Doggett's Coat and Badge race, presented the fountain on behalf of the lightermen.

June 27, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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FROM AUSTRALIA IN 16 DAYS

INTERNATIONAL MAIL

Letter to C.N. Readers By the
Dutch Air Service

THE NEW DUTCH AND THE OLD

From an Australian Correspondent

These words are being sent to the readers of the C.N. from Australia by the first Dutch Air Mail leaving Melbourne on May 21 and arriving in London on June 6, a journey of 13,000 miles in 16 days.

Less than a century ago the pioneers chartered small sailing vessels from England and often spent from three to six months on their voyage to Australia. Now it is a matter of days.

But it is not so much the question of time that appeals to us; it is the fact that this mail from England's farthest Dominion is being carried, not by English or Australian planes, but by Dutch. Surely it can be regarded as yet another step forward in international relations and one that may have far-reaching effects. The Dutch were our foes in the old days of the struggle for sea-power, and now they are our friends, carrying our greetings to the other side of the world.

A Curious Fact

It is a curious fact that the Dutch were the earliest explorers of Australia, and nearly 40 years before Tasman's voyage a little Dutch vessel, commanded by William Janzoon, arrived at the end of Torres Straits and, turning south, explored the inhospitable coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria and Cape York Peninsula. He was probably the first white man to come into contact with the Australian aborigines, and he described them as "wild, cruel black savages." As they killed nine of his crew it was no wonder that he thought thus.

He was followed by many other Dutch seamen, so much so that for many years the new continent was known as New Holland, a name used for many years after the first English settlement was established at Sydney.

Scathing Words

Dutch discovery ceased when the Dutch East India Company replied to Van Dieman's request for a search of New Holland for precious metals. They answered him with the scathing words that "the gold and silver mines that will best serve the company's turn are those that have already been found." What must be the thoughts of the Dutch airmen when they fly over the fields that have produced more gold than the Dutch East India Company of the 17th century ever dreamed of?

On their way back to Holland the Dutch airmen pass over the sites of many of the company's old mines their ancestors worked.

With them will go this message to the children of England, carried by the first International Air Mail connecting England with one of her Dominions.

AS HAPPY AS A KING

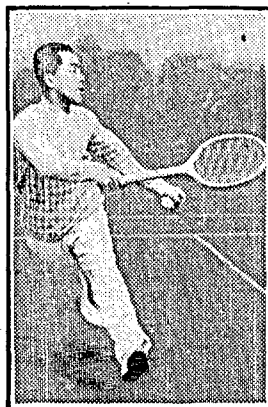
The members of an English Exploration Society now on the East Coast of Africa have discovered a Negro tribe whose chief, although very bronzed, appeared to be of another race.

On being questioned he said his name was William Knopp and that he came from Wilhelmshaven.

Knopp was shipwrecked in 1894 on the Gold Coast, and has been very well received by the tribe. They quickly established friendly relations with him; and finally appointed him their chief.

Knopp added that he was as happy as a king, and did not in the least regret that he had cut himself off from civilisation.

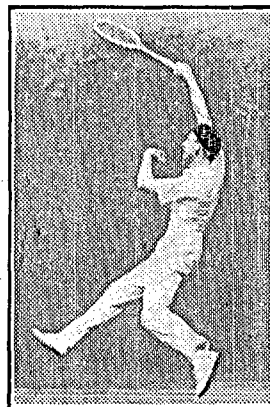
TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON



R. Miki, Japan



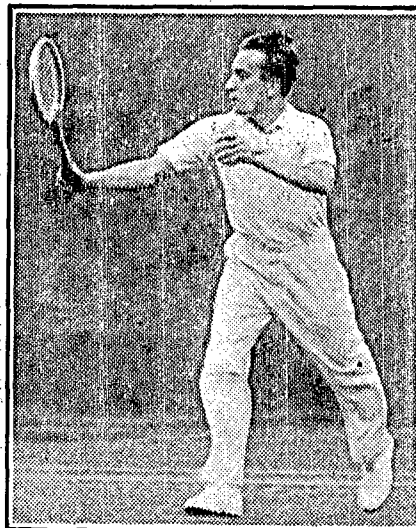
Betty Nuthall, England



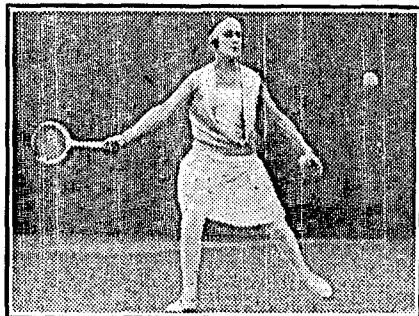
Jean Borotra, France



Cilly Aussem, Germany



Henri Cochet, France

John Van Ryn
U.S.A.Mrs Fearnley Whittingstall
EnglandP. D. B. Spence
South Africa

Lili de Alvarez, Spain



F. J. Perry, England



Helen Jacobs, U.S.A.



H. W. Austin, England



Madame Mathieu, France

Wimbledon is as interesting as ever this year with its collection of famous tennis players from many parts of the world. England has better hopes of providing the champions this year, for Mrs Helen Wills-Moody and W. T. Tilden will not be present. See next column.

WIMBLEDON YOUNGER THAN EVER

NEW CHAMPIONS

All the World on the Famous
Tennis Court

OUR TEAM OF TRIERS

Champions come and champions go at Wimbledon. This year the Centre Court will cheer some new ones.

The assembly of all nations which grasps at these laurels never grows smaller and never grows older. This year it is younger than ever.

Every nation on the Continent is represented if it has any lawn tennis stars at all to send, and this year the rising sun of Japan will shine strongly on the courts. The two Satohs, M. Kawachi, I. Aoki, and R. Miki will represent the Far East more strongly than in any year since polite Zenzo Shimidzu took off his hat for the last time to W. T. Tilden.

Places To Be Filled

Big Bill Tilden will not be there this year, and Wimbledon will miss the most dazzling player who ever won her highest honour. Nor will Mrs Helen Wills-Moody, who for four years had worn the mantle let fall from the shoulders of Mlle Suzanne Lenglen.

These are two of the missing champions of last year whose places are to be filled. To occupy the seat of the first Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra are coming from France, bringing their old companion Brugnon with them, and their young recruit Christian Bousset. If Cochet is at his best he may win for the third time.

America has no substitute for Tilden, but it contributes G. M. Lott, F. X. Shields with his cannon-ball service, and S. B. Wood, and John Van Ryn, all of them young with a long life of lawn tennis before them. Van Ryn has been over twice before, and has won the Doubles with Allison two years running. But as Allison is not here this will be another championship for new names.

The Girls

We may hope that it will be filled with English ones, for though the time when our players may take the highest honours from France has not yet arrived we have a very sterling team of triers in H. W. Austin, F. J. Perry, G. P. Hughes, reinforced by C. H. Kingsley, I. G. Collins, and J. C. Gregory. The first three are our youngest and best. We hope much of them.

Then there are the ladies, and when we remember how young the favourites are we may permit ourselves to speak of the girls. Never have our girls had a better opportunity since Mrs Godfree took the opening left by Mlle Lenglen. Mrs Helen Wills-Moody stands no longer like a lion in the path, and we have in Miss Betty Nuthall a player who at times can beat all the others, Señorita de Alvarez of Spain, Mme Mathieu of France, Fraulein Cilly Aussem of Germany, or Mlle Sigart of Belgium.

Anything May Happen

We have listed the names of all these competitors from the Continent, among whom the most brilliant is Lili de Alvarez, the liveliest little Cilly Aussem, and the steadiest Mme Mathieu, because these are Betty Nuthall's most serious challengers; but we have to support her Miss Phyllis Mudford, Miss Joan Ridley, Mrs Whittingstall, Miss Heeley, and Miss Round, a vigorous young vanguard.

In these matches of young people anything may happen, and victory for Betty Nuthall cannot be predicted.

But we have the best chance for the Ladies' Singles for five years; and a very good chance for the Ladies' Doubles, with Mrs Holcroft Watson and Mrs L. R. C. Michell, as well as Miss Nuthall and Mrs Whittingstall, though Miss Round and Mme Mathieu will take some beating. Pictures on this page

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ENEMY FRIENDS AND FOES OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

The Trail of the Stupid and Careless and Selfish People

WARDENS OF DOVEDALE

The enemy is in our midst; there is always an enemy in the countryside.

From the streets of the town he, and she also, travels into the lanes of the country. However fast they go, by motor-car or side-car, by pillion-cycle or ponderous motor-coach, they must see the beauties of the loveliest land in the world, this England, as they pass.

For them in spring the chestnut lights its candles, the laburnum droops its lamps of gold. The meadows grow carpets of buttercups for them and in the woodlands a mist of bluebells rises.

They look on these things and we do not for a moment believe that they do not feel pleasure in the beauty spread before them. But they are like spoiled children who, whenever they see anything they fancy, cry "I want that!" and stretch out a greedy hand to grab it.

The Litter of Dying Blooms

So the hawthorn is, torn from the hedges in spring and the wild rose from its few remaining sanctuaries in June, and the bluebells are plucked up and carried away in bundles. The carpet of bluebells in the copse is one of the world's wonders. A bunch of bluebells wilts so fast that it is soon hardly more ornamental than a bundle of asparagus. And so the homeward path of the plunderers is commonly littered with the dead and dying blooms.

Insult to the country's beauty is added to injury by what is left behind. The flowers plucked and left to perish are a mournful sight. The litter of paper, cartons, bottles, and tins is a sight to cause anger, and almost despair, because in spite of all that has been said to prevent it the horrid nuisance goes on.

Better Manners in the Parks

In all ages litter has been left behind by the stupid, the careless, the selfish. In our time there is more to leave and more travellers to leave it. Never have there been so many people continually moving here and there and everywhere. We live in hope that these multitudes, increasing every summer, will some day come to the countryside, not as invaders but as visitors to their own gardens.

Better manners are appearing in the public parks. There the public is learning to keep its own property tidy. It will learn to do as much in time for the open spaces of the country and all the wild places more beautiful than any park. For these, too, are the Englishman's birthright.

But at present there are, and for a long time there will be, a number of stupid, egotists who will spoil the pleasure of all the others by defacing this beauty. What is to be done with them? It seems useless to tell them about it.

Two Good Examples

The C.N. is not alone in telling them about it in its loudest voice. It has been doing so for a very long time. Other newspapers have spoken up in the good cause. It will be remembered that the King said a few words about it when Ken Wood was opened. There are many organisations which put up notices.

But it all seems to escape the notice of the offenders. What, then, is to be done to advance the time when it will be thought as mean to spoil the country as a neighbour's front garden?

One of the best plans, which is already being put into force in Derbyshire, is for

188 WISE GERMANS

The C.N. printed some weeks ago a letter written by 186 French writers, artists, and scholars. We now give below the answer, signed by 188 German thinkers.

We have noted with deep satisfaction and emotion your aspirations for a new and peaceful Europe, which you expect to realise first of all by closer contacts between our two countries.

Like you, we are persuaded that the renewal of the world-wide catastrophe would bring with it the disappearance of Western civilisation, and we believe that the destiny of highly-cultured countries should be decided, not by arms but by reason. Like you, we believe that the peoples of Europe can only be assured of a common future by free agreements.

The Will to Peace

We are particularly happy to receive the news that the French intellectuals have undertaken to act against those who, in their country, are fostering the spirit of war. We, in our country, will engage in the same struggle, with the same sincerity, using all the means in our power.

We ask you, however, to take into account the fact that the position of friends of peace in Germany is particularly difficult. Besides excesses provoked by political exasperation, besides the stupidity of those who are not willing to learn anything, there are substantial reasons which do not allow the development of a unanimous will to peace in Germany. The German people have had imposed upon them moral and material burdens which they resent as unjust and insupportable. We emphasise this fact, not in order to make out a case or to draw up the balance of the sufferings of the peoples, but in order that we may attain a true basis of reconciliation.

Toward the New Europe

We ourselves undertake to do what is necessary for liberty and justice in our own country. But in what concerns the contacts of Germany with the rest of the world we cannot do without the help of liberal-minded and just men in other nations.

Our two countries should act in harmony with this humane principle: one should not sacrifice peoples but work for them. According to us, Franco-German friendship is the most pressing aim which we should attempt to realise.

But we do not wish to limit ourselves to declarations. We invite the French intellectuals to take counsel with us openly and without reserve as to the means to be employed for arriving at a real equilibrium and a definite peace. Let us together constitute a tribunal of those who think with complete freedom and courage; let us stand together to accomplish our high mission: the creation of the New Europe.

Continued from the previous column

the countryside to protect itself. Round about Dovedale, which is one of Derbyshire's famous spots (soon, we hope, to become a National Park), about 20 rambles have taken on themselves the duties of wardens.

Game wardens in National Reserves in America or Africa are organised to see that nobody destroys the big game. The Derbyshire wardens will protect the trees and wild plants and flowers, will prevent trespassing which breaks the verdure down, and will check the intolerable litter nuisance.

Another scheme of the same kind is to be put into operation on the moorland stretches of Lancashire, near Oldham, where the organised rambles are to become watchers and wardens.

If this kind of watch and ward spreads among the growing number of people who are happily walking about there may be some chance of saving the countryside before it is too late.

SPEEDING UP OUR CANALS

The Horse-Drawn Barge Must Go

The old order changeth, and even our sleepy canals will soon become bustling routes of fast traffic.

The Grand Union Canal Company has an eye on the future, and a big scheme is now in hand for making better use of nearly 300 miles of water roads which are under its control. Soon the leisurely horse-drawn barges, so much behind the times, will be superseded by fast motor-boats, each pair of them carrying about eighty tons instead of the present weight of less than sixty tons. These will be adaptable for both the canals and the Thames, so that they can carry cargo direct to or from the ships as they arrive from the ports of the world.

A Worth-While Million

It will cost a million pounds to make all the sections between the Thames, Birmingham, and the Trent suitable for large motor-driven barges. But it will be worth while, for the company believes that inland transport, if properly developed, will be of great use to industry in the future. Since the big amalgamation, two years ago, of canals between the Midlands and London new factories and warehouses have appeared on the banks of the Thames, and in spite of trade depression at least twenty large firms between London and Cowley Lock sent more goods by water last year than in 1929.

Many of the locks are too narrow for the new boats, and over fifty of them will be rebuilt on the section between Napton and Birmingham bridges. Passing places and pumping stations will be made, and over £90,000 will be spent on dredging alone.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

A Memory of the Titanic

About the time the Empress of Britain, a second Titanic, went on its maiden voyage and came back the fate of the first Titanic was recalled.

Like the Empress of Britain, the Titanic in her day was the proudest liner of the ocean. She sailed amid cheering and congratulations, which were terribly quenched when the great ship crashed into an iceberg.

A monument to the memory of that tragic night 19 years ago now stands on the banks of the Potomac, unveiled by Mr Secretary Stimson of the United States in the presence of President Hoover. It is not the tragedy which is recalled in its inscription but the heroism it called forth.

The inscription is to the brave men who perished in the wreck of the Titanic April 15, 1912—"who gave their lives that women and children might be saved."

Of the men on board only 20 per cent were saved. Of the women and children 70 per cent were rescued.

The cause of this difference, the self-sacrifice of the strong for the weak, was the reason for the memorial, which, designed by a woman, Mrs Whitney, has been erected by the women of America.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

15th-cent. Flemish tapestry	£17,850
Chippendale writing table	£2415
Small Kang-He vase	£1312
Pair of Chinese beakers	£1102
Early Chippendale writing chair	£1008
Kang-He bottle	£945
Letter by Burns, 1788	£920
George I walnut bureau	£756
Charles II silver cup	£300
Portrait of Ruskin when three	£130
Silver teapot, 1718	£125
11 old dessert spoons	£57
George II silver	£50

AN ALTOGETHER LOVELY BOOK

Twice Ten. Stories and Verses by Marion St John Webb. With a Memoir by Almey St John Adcock. University of London Press. 5s.

This is an altogether lovely book. Marion St John Webb, daughter of Arthur St John Adcock—now both gone, alas!—wrote many stories and books of verse for children which charmed innumerable readers young and old, and this was the last she wrote. She never wrote anything more perfect.

Her younger sister, Almey St John Adcock, herself a writer of distinction, has prefaced the book with a fifteen-page Memoir enabling the reader to see how natural it was for Mrs Webb to write the books by which she is known, and especially this book.

Sympathy With Childhood

As the reader passes from the Memoir to the stories and verses it seems startlingly inevitable that such a spirit, vivified by imagination, should write exactly as these delightful stories and verses are written. From her earliest years she talked tales. She lived in a world of fancy as real as her daily experiences, and her sympathy with the mind of childhood remained complete to the end. The Memoir is a gem of portraiture that could only have been written by a sister.

The title Twice Ten means that there are ten stories interwoven with ten little poems which any child can understand and must revel in. Mrs Webb was a keen student and lover of animals, and eight out of the ten poems are flavoured with dogginess, while three of the stories bring in quite a collection of dumb friends of various species. Here is a dog poem under the title Stars.

The nursery window is open wide,
And me and Dickie Dog peep outside.

Out in the night there are stars alight,
Twinkling up in the sky.

"Dickie Dog, look at the stars," I said.
"Not on the ground—up high!"

But Dickie Dog will look downwards,
though—

He's seen a cat in the lane below.

"There's the Great Bear—on the right—
up there:

That is the Milky Way.
Dickie Dog, look at the stars, my dear;

Listen to what I say."
But Dickie Dog's seen a dog he hates

Go galloping past the garden gates.
"What can I do with a dog like you?"

Dickie Dog, won't you see?
What is the good of the stars at all,

Shining for you and me?"
But Dickie Dog doesn't wait for more;

He's heard the postman outside our door.

Pictures Full of Fun

As for the tales—well, hear a confession. When Twice Ten reached the reviewer he was very busy, and ought to have done nothing with the book that day. So he glanced through the pictures. There are about sixty of them by Frank Rogers, and they are admirable—clear, clever, and full of fun. Then he glanced at the Memoir, and was caught by its lovely spirit and tender beauty. Then he wandered into the first poem, Round the Corner, and felt he must read the first tale. After that he surrendered, and, though he ought to have been doing something else, he read every word of every tale before he could close this altogether lovely book.

A BIT OF FRANCE ON ST HELENA

Napoleon the Third having begged Queen Victoria to use her influence to secure for France that small portion of the island of St Helena on which the house of Napoleon stood, this was done in 1858.

Therefore it is now possible for the tiny French Colony on St Helena to be represented in the great Colonial Exhibition now open in Paris.

The house of Napoleon has been faithfully reproduced.

June 27, 1931

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MIDDAY ON THE MOON

Where the Heat Would Make Our Blood Boil

MERCURY BEYOND THE SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

The little world of Mercury, which has been so long beyond our vision, will on Monday pass above the Sun.

It will, of course, be invisible to us, but we know it is there, travelling from right to left, at about twice the Sun's width away from him.

Actually Mercury is about 30 million miles beyond the Sun and nearly 125 million miles from us, at what astronomers call Superior Conjunction. It will be nearly three months before this little world is visible to the naked eye, and then it will be in the early morning.

Worlds Now Invisible to Us

Now that there is a scarcity of worlds visible to us in either the evening or morning sky it may be wondered where they all are.

Saturn, as described in last week's C.N., is the only one at all prominent, and he is low in the south-east as soon as it is dark. Jupiter is lost in the sunset region of the evening sky. Mars is only to be faintly seen in the north-west.

Venus, on the other hand, is almost lost in the light of approaching sunrise in the early morning. She is far beyond the Sun, about 160 million miles away and nearing Superior Conjunction; after that Venus will begin to adorn the evening sky, and will become a lovely object next winter.

One world, the Moon, is nearly always visible in the heavens either morning or evening. She will be at her greatest radiance during the first half of next week, attaining Full Moon on Tuesday, June 30; so during these summer nights there will be no darkness.

The Tropical Moon

The Moon imparts what appears to be a cool radiance; but were we on her surface we should find the conditions far hotter than the hottest tropical region on Earth, reaching a temperature of between 230 and 245 degrees Fahrenheit in the regions where it is about midday on the Moon.

This temperature is considerably above that of boiling-water; so as we look next week at the centre portion of the Lunar disc, which appears so serene and cool, we may realise how hopeless it would be for any kind of life to exist there, where all water, supposing there were any, would be converted to steam. The blood in our veins and the sap in the plants would boil as the Sun rose higher in the Lunar heavens.

The Moon is not always at this terrific temperature; it gradually increases as the long Lunar day, which is nearly thirty times the length of our average 12-hour day, progresses from Lunar sunrise to its midday. This takes nearly seven and a half of our entire days. All this time the burning hot Sun is pouring down his rays on the Moon's arid and unprotected surface, piling up the heat and baking the ground.

The Terrible Lunar Night

As the Sun sinks down toward setting the heat decreases, and what was the centre of the Full Moon has now become the dividing line between the light and dark halves of the Moon at Last Quarter. By then it has become chilly, for the heat is rapidly radiated from the airless surface; the temperature drops when near Lunar sunset to about 50 degrees Fahrenheit, such as we are familiar with during most of the year on Earth.

Then follows the terrible Lunar night, nearly 30 times as long as an average 12-hour night such as we experience, when the temperature descends to more than 100 degrees below zero at the Moon's surface, nearly twice as many as Professor Piccard experienced when 10 miles up above the Earth's surface. G. F. M.

C. L. N.
The Knights of Peace

Number of Members—26,752

If we do not have a little crowd of new C.L.N. members from Beckenham we shall be surprised.

Interest in the League of Nations has been greatly aroused in this town, for one day lately a distinguished Frenchman, M. Ehretsmann, came here to tell an audience of young people about the Knights of Peace and the work they are doing in France and Germany to help the League of Nations.

When the French troops occupied the Ruhr the feeling between French and Germans was so bitter that it might have seemed impossible for any peace work to be done in this district.

But where there's a will there's a way. In 1923 a young French officer, the son of a clergyman, started a society called the Knights of Peace. The Knights tried to form intimate friendships with young Germans, and to interest them in the League of Nations so that more international friendships might be promoted.

No More Bitterness

They succeeded better than they could have hoped. Many intimate friendships were made between the Knights and German people, and good feeling took the place of bitterness.

Since those days the movement has steadily grown. The Knights are now arranging exchange visits between people not only of France and Germany but of other countries.

New Zealand is becoming enthusiastic about the C.L.N., and several new members have lately joined, besides boys and girls from other countries.

Friendships are being made in many places. Not long ago thirty Westmorland members went for a picnic together and had a jolly afternoon.

It is worth while to join the C.L.N. To begin with, members make their families interested. Then they can stir up interest in their schools, and there is a chance for them to carry out many original schemes for helping the League.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

ALL IN THE FAMILY
Getting to Know One Another

It is always a pleasure to record international exchanges of knowledge and experience, for the future of the world depends upon it.

The latest instance is afforded by an agreement between British and Danish farmers to exchange students. The agriculture of the two countries is in some respects very dissimilar, in others alike; what a splendid thing it is that each of these two friendly nations should give each other the benefit of their experience and brains!

A number of young Danish agriculturists are to live and work on farms here and an equal number of British agricultural students will live and work on Danish farms. The matter has been arranged in England by the National Farmers' Union and in Denmark by the Royal Agricultural Society. We understand that Denmark has made similar arrangements with other countries, and the time will surely come when such exchanges will be a commonplace of the world's life.

THE BUSY LEAGUE
This Month's Work

By Our League Correspondent

Far afield goes the work of the League of Nations in June. Mandates, air mails, and whales are on its programme.

The meeting of the Mandates Commission is concerned almost entirely with territory under British mandate, and the small island of Nauru, for which Australia is at present responsible, comes up for discussion. A special report on Iraq is being considered, in view of its approaching independence.

The Transit Organisation is busy with an international air mail, the international transport of newspapers, and the proposed changes in the calendar. A study will be made of the ideas and opinions sent to the Secretariat by the various Governments on how best to organise an international air mail and the possibilities of drawing up an international agreement considered. For the calendar the business is to prepare for the big conference in the autumn when its fate may be decided. This is the opportunity for national societies and interested individuals to present their opinions, from which a general report will be prepared.

The Economic Committee has before it the draft of a convention for the protection of whales, as well as more important subjects arising out of the recent wheat conferences in Rome and London. Finally at the end of the month a European conference on rural hygiene opens, when all the questions affecting the health of people living on the land will be considered.

THE BROKEN MAN'S FRIEND

Sir Frederick Milner, Hero of the Peace

When Sir Frederick Milner passed away the other day the soldiers broken in the Great War lost one of their best friends.

When the war ended Sir Frederick was not a young or even a middle-aged man, but he flung himself into the task of helping disabled ex-service men with an energy that was his own undoing. So hard did he work that he had a serious breakdown. He insisted on writing appeals for the men he took under his care with his own hand. His eyesight suffered. His hearing failed. But he never ceased his efforts.

It was his persistence that led to the establishment of the Ministry of Pensions, and he was not satisfied with labouring for assistance for men who deserved it but might be technically disqualified.

That was a back-breaking task in itself, and to Sir Frederick it was often a heart-breaking one. But he did more than anyone else could have done, and he persistently appealed, besides, to humane and charitable people for funds to set up training settlements.

Not only did he help the helpless, but his efforts enabled many such to climb back to positions in which they could earn a living for themselves.

SELF-HELP

Students of Europe have long followed the self-help habit; their brothers of Wales are now doing the same.

By finding work and odd jobs in the vacations these courageous young people earn money to pay for their university training. Many of them are doing much more than that by learning to know the peoples of other countries. Some have worked in Holland, some in France, some in Switzerland; one went as a cabin-boy on an oil tanker trading between Swansea and Persia and one became entertainments manager in a chateau at Boulogne. We are inclined to imagine that the guests at that chateau had an exceedingly good time.



No need for coaxing!

ONCE upon a time eleven o'clock was the signal for a horrid scene.

Mary and Peter hated milk. . . . Then Mummy discovered "Ovaltine" and now they drink up every drop. What is more, delicious "Ovaltine" does them infinitely more good than plain milk.

Mary is rising seven and there is the sheen of perfect health in her golden curls and glowing cheeks. Yet for a long time she seemed to be outgrowing her strength and using up more energy than she could afford. Until she started to take "Ovaltine"

Then chubby Peter. . . . Since "Ovaltine" has been added to his milk diet Peter has made great strides forward. "Ovaltine" not only renders milk more digestible, and therefore more beneficial, but has a similar good effect on other food taken in the course of the day. And its lovely flavour makes every cup of milk a "treat."

Growing children like Mary and Peter need a great deal of nourishment. Much more than ordinary food or plain milk contains. That is why "Ovaltine" is such a boon to every mother of a growing child. No wonder Mummy rejoices in the children's progress.

This perfect and delicious beverage supplies the concentrated goodness of Nature's richest foods—barley malt, creamy milk and eggs.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P 240

Kiddies! Have you made the NICEST HOUSE IN BREAKFAST STREET

Get these parts FREE

YET?

COUPON

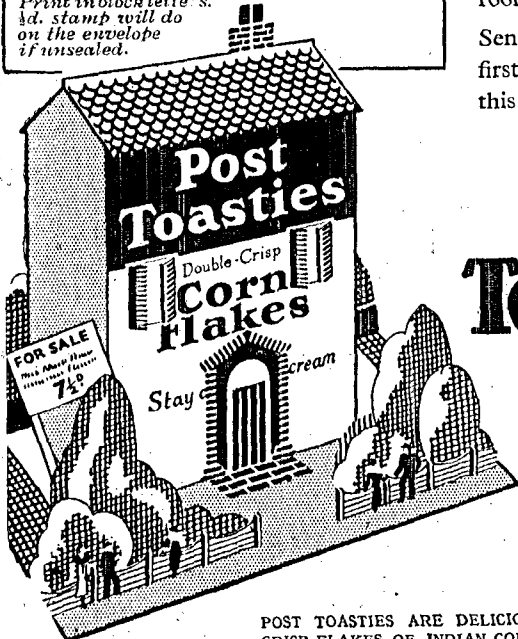
To The Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd.,
38 Upper Ground Street,
Blackfriars, London, S.E.1

I want to make the Nicest House in Breakfast Street.
Send me the parts which will enable me to build the
house from an empty POST TOASTIES packet.

Name

Address

Print in block letters.
1d. stamp will do
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POST TOASTIES ARE DELICIOUS
CRISP FLAKES OF INDIAN CORN;
READY TO SERVE.

Post Toasties is one of the Post Products which include Grape-Nuts, Postum, Post's Bran Flakes & Post's Whole Bran

YOU'LL have no end of fun making and playing with this gay little house—the Nicest House in Breakfast Street. Boys and girls all over the country are making it.

Send the coupon below—only 1d. stamp is needed on the envelope—and you will receive, by return, all you need to transform an empty POST TOASTIES packet into a bright little house—roof, windows, door, garden.

Send the coupon now. Be the first among your friends to make this fine toy.

Post Toasties

The
Wake-up Food

MADE IN CANADA

ANOTHER LITTLE GARDEN FOR LONDON

That place of great and good things, St Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, is to add to the benefits it gives London by turning its ancient, disused burying-ground into a garden.

We can never have too many little gardens in London. They always appear the more delightful because green is never so radiant as when seen against a background of grey stone. And an ancient graveyard turned garden has another background, that of quiet thoughts and the reminders of the peace that engirdles the tumult of our little lives.

In order to lay out this ground it will be necessary to move about 58 upright gravestones and set them round the boundary wall. The rector of St Bartholomew's, Canon Savage, to whom London owes the beautiful idea of this new garden, has obtained permission to move these stones. Those lying flat can stay where they are. The laying of grass and beds means spending money, of course, and it is good to hear that certain parishioners and their friends are willing to bear the cost.

On the Way to School

This great and renowned church has now but a poor and drab parish. For the most part the people round about live in tenements, often in one room, and to their children a square yard of grass was as rare as an orchid. These children pass the church on their way to school, and it is good to think that very soon they will see something as lovely as a little garden in their own parish every day.

Their school is one of the oldest in London, and their church is one of the oldest in Europe. Perhaps they may stop some day and realise that when St Bartholomew's grew up in all its glory of radiant stone and lovely shapes, about 800 years ago, it stood amid fields and trees, and now, by the kind thought and unselfishness of a few persons who prefer to remain unknown, the church, grown venerable and incredibly dear, will again have greenery at its doors.

If they do not think of it now they may when they are older.

Good Taste Long Ago

When St Bartholomew's was a great parish people marked the graves of their dead with simple little crosses or flat monuments. Any figure that was carved was put humbly lying down. During the last two or three centuries this good taste has been quite lost. It would be a good thing if we set out to recapture the old habit, and stopped adorning our cemeteries and graveyards with large and florid erections that seem to be quite out of keeping with the quietness and humility of death.

A great deal can be brought about by people who go presently to see London's newest garden and at the same time to see London's oldest parish church. If St Bartholomew's were on the Continent English people would flock over to see it, and talk patronisingly to those who had not visited the wonderful place. Because it is at home it seems of little moment to them.

Sixpences Wanted

By the hard work and faith of Canon Savage and his helpers a great deal has already been done to save the church from ruin. The C.N. has told the fascinating story of its beauty coming back to life. While Canon Savage has been rector £100,000 has been raised for this truly glorious labour, but it is not nearly enough. That lovely gateway, for instance, revealed by a destroying Zeppelin bomb during the war, is in a dangerous state, and the sixpences mount up very slowly. We hope that when people go to look at the new little garden of the poor they will remember the poverty of the church and put sixpence in the box.

Face the Danger

Walk Left on the Pavements
and Right on the Roads

PRESSING A BUTTON AT NIGHT

To Open a Bridge in the Morning

A MIRACLE THAT MAY BE

It will be a great moment if, when the last bolt of Sydney Bridge has been riveted, the King opens it by means of wireless.

Imagine the spectacle, the sight and sound and the feelings of those Australians who gather on the shores of Sydney Harbour when the great event takes place.

It is 9 o'clock in the morning. But Sydney people have made no fuss about early rising, though there it is Winter Time, and a fresh cool breeze is blowing down the harbour from Sydney Heads. Every point of vantage is crowded, from Circular Quay on the one side to Kirribilli Point on the other.

The Premier, the Mayor, representatives of the Commonwealth and of all the States and other privileged persons are clustered on the bridge.

The King's Voice

The minutes go by. Nine o'clock, one minute past, two minutes, three minutes; how slowly they pass as the multitude waits! Six minutes past, and a voice is heard on the loud-speakers. It is the voice of King George declaring the bridge open. The barriers fall down, the flags are run up and unfurl to the breeze, a band sounds God Save the King.

And in a room at Buckingham Palace, at 11 o'clock the same night, the King, whose voice has travelled faster than the Sun, or faster than the spinning globe, stands away from the microphone into which he has spoken the magic Open Sesame!—and hears through the ether the sound of the cheering of his Australian people as it rolls back to him from Sydney Harbour and its bridge.

THE TYRANTS

What They Did With Toscanini

Toscanini, the Italian musician, belongs not to Italy but to the world.

He belongs more than ever to the world now, since Italy has shown how unworthy she is of his genius, and with what harsh cruelty she treats him.

America knows Toscanini well, applauds and honours him. He had lately returned from there to conduct a concert in Bologna of the compositions of his dead friend Martucci. As was his right, he stipulated that at this memorial concert, which he gave without fee, he should play nothing else.

There are Fascists in Bologna. They intruded on Toscanini's concert and demanded that he should play a Fascist song. He refused, so when the elderly and famous musician came out from the concert hall he was set upon by a gang of cowardly hooligans and beaten.

Since then, instead of receiving compensation or apology for a vile outrage, he has been placed under police supervision and his passport confiscated.

We rejoice to know, however, that the great volume of public indignation in Europe led to his release and that Toscanini has now left Italy for freedom.

THE MOLECULE MACHINE

A delightful description of the molecule has been given by Professor R. W. Wood, one of the greatest physicists, who has just received the highest honour from the University of Berlin.

He spoke of "the exact nature of the piece of machinery which we call the molecule." Atoms and molecules are indeed compact little machines, bristling with energy, so tiny that man may never see them. Yet their privacy has now been invaded by science to such an extent that book after book can be written about their constitution.

Callard & Bowser's

This fine old sweetmeat, celebrated for nearly a century is made from the original recipe. It combines the merit of quality with a most delightful flavour.

In packets,
1d. 2d. 6d. &
1/- In round air-tight tins 6d. and 1/-

Butter- Scotch

Callard & Bowser Ltd., Duke's Road,
London, W.O.1.

Young People love Sardines and they are good for them too. Those they choose are the real sardines—the

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

They can always be had at the Grocers, whether one is at home or at some far remote holiday resort.

GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing.

"1000 PACKET" 4¹/₂
500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Postage unused, 12-page booklet for duplicates, 21d. extra.

25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses receive free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.
President—WALTER SCOTTS, Esq.

15,000 East End Children will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the country, this summer.

Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give 12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour to children of poverty from slum homes of East London's Endless Envoirs? Please respond liberally to—The Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH,

EAST END MISSION
Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

POOR CHICAGO

Extraordinary Position of a Great City

NO MONEY FOR WAGES

One of the world's greatest cities, surrounded with material progress and prosperity, cannot pay the wages of its policemen or its dustmen.

The news that from time to time reaches us from Chicago amazes Englishmen, who run their great cities and small boroughs with a minimum of fuss and confusion. This great city of over three million people, with a thousand professors at their universities to teach them that three from two won't go, has once more found its treasury empty.

This time an Edison Company has come to the rescue and lent the city £400,000 in order that teacher and fireman, policeman and clerk, may receive their overdue wages, yet even this sum will not suffice for long.

Banks Stop Payment

To add to the financial confusion many banks to which small tradesmen and others have entrusted their savings have stopped payment.

The main cause of the threatened bankruptcy of Chicago is the non-payment of nearly £35,000,000 in taxes by citizens who disagree with the rateable value fixed for their property by the city authorities and refuse to pay up until the matter is settled in the courts. Litigation in Chicago is evidently a lengthy affair, something quite outside the hustle we usually associate with the idea of America.

FLINGING A PLANE INTO MID-AIR

And Keeping It There

Long-sustained flights by aeroplanes refuelled in mid-air frequently degenerated into mere stunts in America, but this astounding method of taking petrol on board has a definite practical value.

Heavy machines, and particularly flying-boats, often experience difficulty in taking-off with a heavy load, and so the R.A.F. has been experimenting in filling up a plane's petrol tanks after it has ascended. How this is done will be seen by thousands of people on Saturday at Hendon, where the Royal Air Force is to give its annual display. The supply machine is to have gyroscope control which will keep it on a straight course while connection is being made with the other plane flying beneath it.

Another interesting flying development promised at Hendon is the launching of a plane by catapult. Small planes carrying mails are launched in this way from some Atlantic liners, but at Hendon an eight-ton bomber is to be flung into the air with a run of only a hundred feet.

THE WORLD'S WOMEN

A Call in Paris

It was a good idea put into action when the International Council of Women, in the person of its President, Lady Aberdeen, and other members of the Council, crossed over to Paris and were received by M. Briand.

The object was to give him first-hand knowledge of the gratitude and firm support of more than 40 million women adherents of the International Council, and to encourage him at this time when he is being pulled to pieces on all sides.

Lady Aberdeen gave a statement of the results already obtained by the Federation; and then assured M. Briand of the support of this great International group, with its 95 affiliated societies, in his work for peace.

Every help and support that can be given to M. Briand in the difficult days he is passing through must mean a very great deal to him, and he much appreciated this action.

SWEEP AWAY THE SHANTIES

Never Too Late to Do the Right Thing

It would be well if more public bodies were to follow the example of a certain Rural District Council in the North and sweep away the ugly wooden bungalows that have crept up in so many areas during the past few years.

The question with the Rural District Council referred to is a bungalow community which set up a number of dwellings for week-end use which are now assuming a permanent nature, as is the unhappy way of shanties everywhere once they are allowed to appear.

Not only have these huts destroyed the beauties of a stretch of landscape and a quiet waterside but they have created a menace of disease. The community consists of over a hundred bungalows and caravans, though there is no pure water supply, no drainage, no sanitation.

Notice to Go

The local authorities, having faced the problem squarely, have decided that the bungalow community are to be served with notice to demolish their bungalows and depart. As the people were only given permission to build dwellings of a temporary nature, liable to such a notice, they cannot reasonably complain.

This setting up of miserable little bungalows is so common in almost every county in England that any person reading this will say "I wish our authorities would do the same."

A glaring instance is the hideous spoiling of the main roads about Wrotham and Kingsdown in Kent, or of the historic Oxford Road in the vicinity of High Wycombe and Stokenchurch. A mile north of Stokenchurch a comparatively new road, a triumph of engineering, goes winding quietly down the sharp Chiltern ridge. There are few lovelier sights than that of the fair wooded plain of Oxford revealed in the descent of this hill until, halfway down, the eye is caught by a group of wooden dwellings set on the roadside, with a hideous advertisement by way of introduction.

No One Does Anything

A few people may grumble, but *no one does anything*. We are so terribly prone to let a thing stay because it has been built, as if driving the last nail in a shanty gave it a right of immortality.

And there is the great, insidious menace of custom, of getting used to things and no longer being aware of their deforming nature. Children are growing up who imagine that there must always be wooden shanties on a magnificent roadside.

If only some gadfly would sting our rural district councils into wideawakeness, to see that it is nobody but themselves who is responsible for the ruining of high roads, perhaps something might be done. They are waking up in the North; what is the matter with the South?

Pull the ugly things down!

A MINIATURE JAMBOREE

There are enough Scouts in the Hawaiian Islands for them to have an international jamboree of their own.

There are 1700 in the islands, and they include 764 Japanese, 266 Anglo-Saxons, 192 Chinese, 117 Portuguese, 101 Hawaiians, 58 Koreans, 34 Filipinos, 26 Hawaiian-Portuguese, 18 Hawaiian-Chinese, 9 Spanish, 9 Porto Ricans, 3 Russians, and one Hawaiian-African. Was ever a more cosmopolitan gathering?

HOW

does an orange breathe?

An orange breathes through its pores—those "pits" in its skin. You know how well you feel after a fortnight at the sea-side. Imagine, then, how "healthy" an orange is when it lives its whole life in sunshine!

No wonder "Golden Shred" is such jolly good marmalade. The goodness and the juice of ripe oranges is in every pot.

That is why your Daily Bread needs



'Golden Shred'

FOR EVERY THIRST IN LIFE

The morning thirst, the noon thirst, the evening thirst; the indoor thirst and the outdoor thirst—all are quenched by Montserrat. Montserrat appeals to every palate—neither too sweet, nor too tart. Cooling and delicious. Healthy too—the Lime Juice pressed from cultivated limes; the Lemon Squash from the choicest lemons of Sicily. The solution to every man's, every woman's, every child's thirst problem. You'll love it—and feel all the better for it. Montserrat!

MONTSERRAT
LIME JUICE • LEMON SQUASH

Obtainable at all the best grocers and chemists. For Home use 2½ (Quart) bottles; or in the handy minor size for 7½d.

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 23

At the Ferry

TRYTTON watched the little boat putting its passengers on the opposite bank and then start to return at once; which proved, as he had expected, that between trips it passed its time at the tie-post on this side. He gave the boat itself a longer look on its way back. It seemed quite a new one.

He wondered if it was the one which old Fitch had used, or if they had been buying another one recently? This started other interesting speculations; but he pushed these behind him, because it was no good making guesses until he'd seen Fitch. Yet he had half a mind to ask some questions of the young ferryman, who had now reached the slip and was stooping to tie his craft up, though it might be wiser to leave this fellow alone.

Still, he would like to know what the ferryman did with himself when his boat was not being hailed—which could not be very often because the ferry was only used to get to the links, and the golfers, except on some special occasion, would come early in the morning or afternoon, and be playing three hours or so before they were finished.

"If that is right," he said—"and I'll check it with Fitch—the ferryman will have plenty of time on his hands, yet he can't get off far because he must keep within hail. Has he got a cottage near?"

Trytton could see no signs of one.

This bothered him somewhat, because a fellow could scarcely play tricks with the stream or the landing-stage, so the most likely trick playable here would be played on the boat. But how on earth could anyone play a trick on the boat if, instead of leaving it to itself when unwanted, the ferryman sat dangling his legs on the bank with his eye on it all the time, as this one was doing?

Had the trick been played, then, by night? Yes, this might account for it. But—and what a big but—that rules the School out. For who would break out at night?

Just then the young ferryman turned and caught sight of Trytton.

"Wanting to go across, young shaver?" he asked. "You'll have to wait a bit till I get some more passengers."

"You only go at intervals?"

"Aye, only when I'm wanted to go to the links. But it may be"—the young man grinned—"that you're a grand golfer. What they call a plus-four man, what? A regular champion. I suppose that's what you are?"

Trytton said, "You don't suppose anything of the sort. I expect you get sick of sitting here, doing nothing. They ought to pay you jolly well for the job."

"What, for pulling that tub across a few times a day! They pay me like a prince," the young man said mockingly. "You find me a better job and watch how fast I run to it. But jobs ain't so easy to pick up in these parts just now."

"Where do you live?" said Trytton.

"Back to Whinnion, t'other side of your college."

"Oh, you spotted I came from the School?"

"Of course," smiled the other. "One time, before I took this job, they tell me, plenty of lads from the college used to lark round the ferry, but I've been here"—he scratched his head—"twelve months come midsummer without setting eye on one of you save yourself. Nay, wait a minute. That's wrong. There was one here before Christmas, an inquisitive beggar he was, asking questions—"

"What sort of questions?"

"Well, as whether I'd had a young nipper asking me anything, sort of young nipper same as yourself, it might be."

"Do you mean the fellow who came was a small chap like me?"

"Nay, I don't. I mean he was pestering to lark from me whether a young nipper had been around here."

"Why did he want to know?"

"He didn't let on. I take it he knew the nipper had no right around here and wanted to catch him on the hop."

Trytton wondered whether this was the explanation, or whether the visitor had been brought by some personal reason—by something connected, for instance, with last summer's happenings? Was it someone who did not want the past raked up?

"What sort of a fellow was he?"

"He had two legs and two arms, the same as you and me."

Trytton pretended to laugh. "Jolly good!" he accorded. "Two legs and two arms! And what was his face like?"

"Not being an owl that can see in the dark, I can't tell you."

"But if it was so dark as all that you wouldn't have been here."

"Ho, wouldn't I?" the man returned with a snort as he gazed across the stream at a couple of golfers who were searching for a ball they had lost among the whins.

"There's some of 'em," he said derisively, "that has nothing better to do than whack their balls out of sight and then spend their day hunting 'em! What do they hit 'em so far for if they can't see 'em?"

"I don't know," said Trytton.

"Why don't they do as they do at croquet and pat 'em along?"

Trytton laughed again, to keep him in a good temper. "I guess," cried he, "you could tonk a ball as far as the best of them."

"Aye, and farther," the young ferryman answered complacently. And, looking him over, Trytton believed that he might. But this was getting away from the mysterious visitor, of whom he wished to hear as much as he could, so, just as one of the searching golfers uttered a cry of triumph and swooped down at something in the whins like a bird at a worm, Trytton uttered:

"But what I meant to say just now was this. If it was too dark to see that chap's face you'd have finished for the day because the golf would have finished."

"And I get away, you think, when it's too dark to play?"

"Well, don't you?" asked Trytton.

"Bless you, no," the man replied, speaking more seriously. "The golf links belong to the town and the authorities of the town maintain this ferry especially for the golfers' convenience. That's what I'm paid for, to suit myself to the golfers."

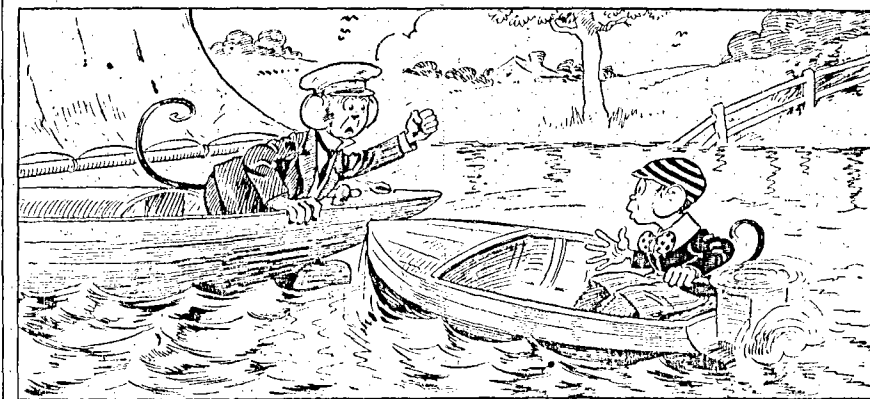
"I said they wouldn't go on playing in the dark!"

"Nay. But they've a neat little Club House there, mister, and as soon as they've finished losing their balls they go in for a game of billiards or cards. There'll generally be half a dozen or so dawdling on that way. The rule is that I've got to keep on here till seven, when they'll come to their bank with a lantern and give me a hail. In summer, when it's lighter, of course I stay later. Aye, I've been kept here as late as half-past nine in the summer."

JACKO PULLS UP

SUCH a noise was coming from the garden that Mother Jacko clicked her iron down on its stand and went across to the back door. "Jacko! Jacko! What are you doing?" she called.

"Only straightening a bit of iron, Mater," replied Jacko cheerfully. And the horrible clanging started again.



"What are you doing, you young idiot?"

Mother Jacko ran forward and snatched the hammer out of his hand.

"If you've nothing better to do," she said, "you can go across to the farm and order a dozen eggs."

Jacko went. But on the way he passed the river, and there, moored to the landing-stage, was a jolly little motor-dinghy.

"Coo!" murmured Jacko, staring longingly at it. "Wouldn't I like a run in that!"

He looked round, hoping to catch sight of the man in charge of the boat-house. For he had ninepence in his pocket, and on a slack day, with nothing doing, he might surely, he thought, get the loan of it for half an hour.

CHAPTER 24

Batten's Yard

TRYTTON turned this over a moment.

"Jolly bad luck on you," he said. "So there wasn't enough light to see the chap properly?"

"It was getting on toward dusk, and real freezing weather. He was all muffled up against the cold."

"Had he," said Trytton thoughtfully, "a very long nose?"

"I tell you I couldn't see what sort of a nose he had!"

"Well, when he was speaking did he draw out his words?"

"I can't say I remember one way or the other."

"Was he a big chap?"

"He wasn't a shrimp like yourself."

"And he wanted to know—"

"Oh, as much as some others, it seems to me," snapped the man. "But I'm paid to pull this ferry and not sit here gossiping."

"Well, you might tell me one thing, anyhow," Trytton smiled. "I see you've got a new boat. What's become of the former one?"

"Why, were you wanting to buy her?" guffawed the other. "We've sold her for a lifeboat. Pride of the Seas. That's her name on the register; you go and look. I give you my word she saves a hundred shipwrecked mariners every morning and another hundred after her supper."

And, consumed with the magnificence of his own joke, he clapped his hands to his ribs and recked to and fro.

Silly idiot! thought Trytton, with a glance at his watch, to find that unless he made haste he might be late for roll-call; so he hurried back to the School with plenty to think about.

And now for Fitch. But could Fitch be coaxed into talking? Trytton hoped he might be, and at last, by dint of way-laying, he caught the old man as he came muttering and grumbling away from his work through the iron gates with their dragon so very like Gosling. It was Saturday afternoon. There was plenty of time.

"Now for it!" thought Trytton, and planted himself full in Fitch's way.

"Good afternoon!" he observed. And more loudly, "Good afternoon, Mr Fitch!"

The ancient looked at him blankly and trudged blankly past him.

"This won't do," thought Trytton. He pattered alongside. "I have brought you a present," he whispered.

"Eh, what's that?"

Mr Fitch had come to a halt.

"I've brought you a present, a Christmas one, you know," smiled Trytton. He produced a little parcel out of his pocket. "Some tobacco," he said. "I couldn't post it to you, I didn't know your address."

"Number three, Batten's Yard," droned Fitch, in his gloomiest accents, as he took the tobacco and slipped it into his pocket. Then he looked hard at Trytton, and his blue eyes gave a flicker. "Bless me, if it ain't my cock-sparrow!" he muttered.

"Yes, and jolly glad to see you again," Trytton chirped.

"That's as may be," the old man answered suspiciously. "But them who's glad to see me generally wants something. It's the way of the world all over, as you'll soon learn."

"I want something, please."

"I thought so," Mr Fitch replied, walking faster. "Cupboard love, that's what I call it."

Trytton plucked up hope. He had turned the first corner. Instead of being point-blank refused, as he feared to have been, he had got this quaint old chap to start talking, at any rate. A little coaxing now might manage the rest.

For he knew that he must lead Fitch on, so to speak; he mustn't be as abrupt as he had been that day in the garden.

"It's funny," he said, "but I've never seen Batten's Yard."

"You've missed nothing," Fitch growled. "But it's in the very oldest part of the town. And Batten's Yard is the very oldest bit, isn't it? Don't the houses there date back to the Tudors?"

"Never heard of the Tudors. Mr Grimes is my landlord, and a right hard landlord he is," the ancient said feelingly. "He's the same as lives in the house where I do odd jobs."

"The one with the big iron gates, where we met first," smiled Trytton.

"And what were you doing there when I caught you trespassing?"

Trytton thought: This is fine. He's becoming quite conversational.

"What was I doing?" he answered, feeling his way. "Well, you didn't catch me, did you? It was I who-caught you."

"And you gave me a hand," said the ancient. "Else I'd have told on you. You remember that you helped me to blow up my fire?"

"Rath-er!" cried Trytton. "I say! Count me in any old time, Fitch. When you want a hand you have only to tell me." The old man had begun to hobble again, and Trytton was taking short little steps at his side. "I'd love to have a squint at Batten's Yard, Fitch."

"That's more than most would," said Fitch, nodding his head.

"Can I come along with you?"

Mr Fitch appeared to be turning this over, for he did not open his lips again for some minutes. They had finished the stretch of road now and come to the town, with its winding High Street and its ancient moot hall raised well from the ground on four pillars, and its market-place where on Thursdays you hear the sheep bleating.

Trytton remembered, from the dips he had made into its history, how once on a time this town had been one of importance, had possessed its own charter, how long before that the Romans were known to have settled here and traded here to the very end of their sovereignty; and how, later on, the Norsemen had come up from the sea and, crossing the sandhills, had put the whole place to the sword, again and again, till the townsmen petitioned the king, and he, being a man of no courage, bought the intruders off. But whether the king was Aethelred or Hardicanute, Trytton could not remember, nor did he care much.

He cared more for the story of Mary, Duchess of Glaim, who with forty men-at-arms (and much molten lead) held the castle above the town in the Wars of the Roses against an army of two thousand equipped for the siege, and kept them at bay till her own Rose returned with the mastery. Trytton often wished that more was left of the castle than a couple of crumbling walls and a few yards of bastion.

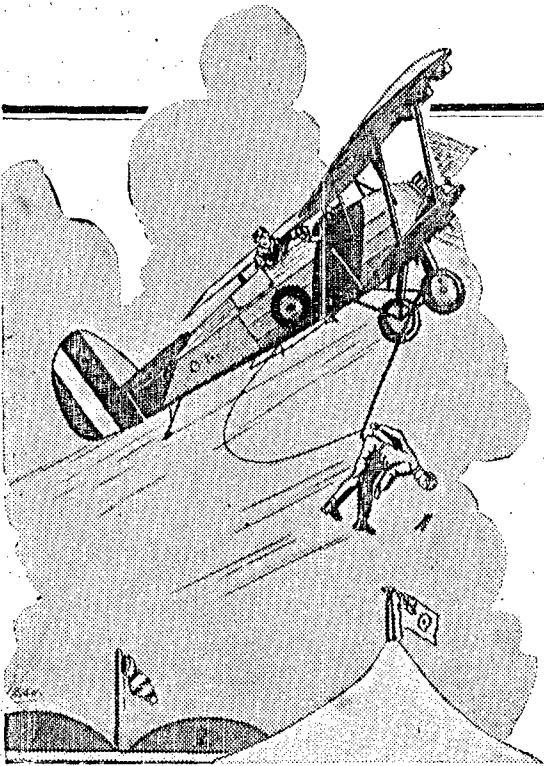
Their way shot off beneath the lee of these ruins, to take them into the narrowest cobbled street, with an archway half-way up, where Mr Fitch halted.

"Here we are," he announced. "Batten's Yard."

Trytton stood and peered through the mouth of the archway.

"I suppose," he repeated, "I couldn't come any farther?"

TO BE CONTINUED



"... Snatched up one of the mechanics by the seat of his trousers."

Sky-Larks

of the R.A.F.

BY

Flying Officer
W.E. JOHNS

The finest and most amazing flying spectacle in the whole world takes place near London next Saturday—The Royal Air Force Display. This is the outstanding air event of the year. Almost every nation sends representatives over here to see it—and they go away marvelling. This week's MODERN BOY contains a special feature in which the writer, who has several times taken part in previous displays, describes some of the most daring "sky-larks" performed by our gallant young pilots.

MODERN BOY

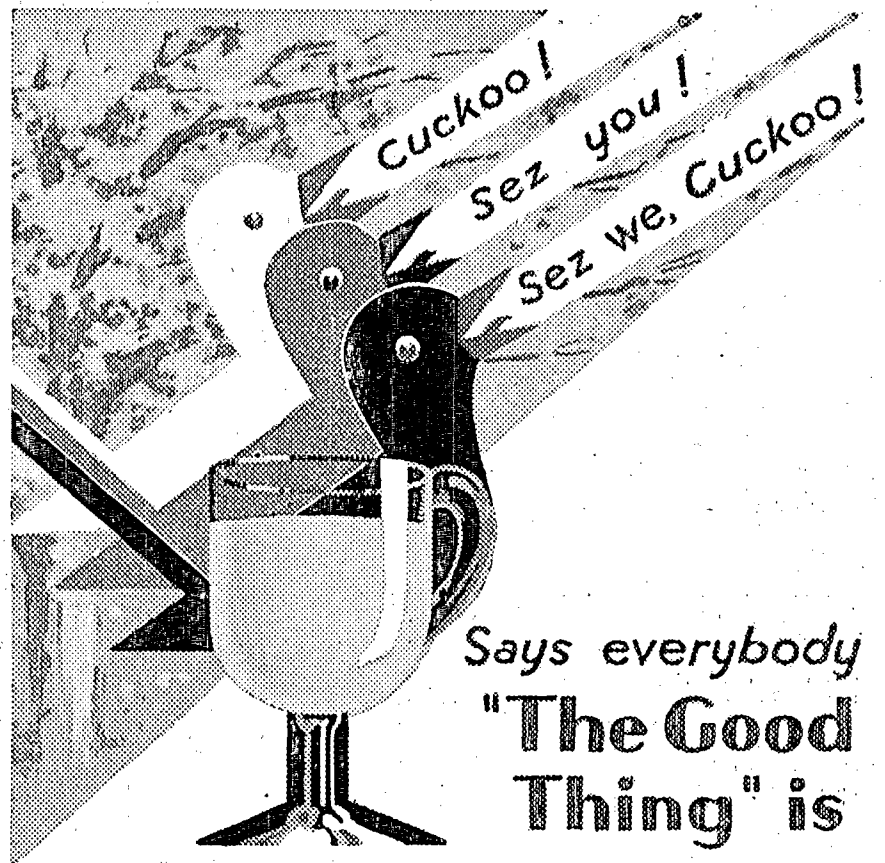
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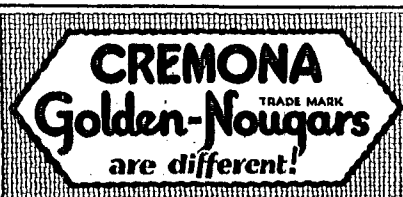
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 27, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Solving the Puzzles

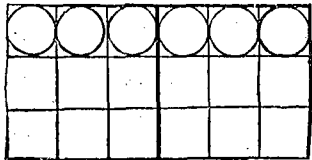
MABEL and Emily were going through their C.N.s solving Bran Tub problems.

"Let's have a competition," suggested Emily. "We will take it in turn to do a puzzle. For each one I fail to do you will score seven points, but you are not so sharp at them as I am, so each time you fail I will score five points."

They did six puzzles each, and at the end they were level. How was that?

Answer next week

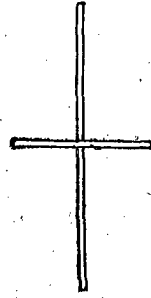
Linked Squares



THE line of circles represents a word meaning a place in which food is kept. Find this word and complete each half of the diagram as a word square. Answer next week

A Surprise for a Friend

TAKE three used matches and cut away the burned ends so that each matchstick is of exactly the same length.



Arrange them as shown in the diagram and ask a friend whether he thinks the upright matches are longer than the horizontal one. He will feel sure that they are, and will not believe that all are of the same length until you prove this by placing them together.

A Pig in a Poke

WHEN we say that someone has bought a pig in a poke we mean that he has bought something that was not what it was represented to be. Poke is an old word for a bag, and the expression is derived from the story of the countryman who put a cat in a bag, took it to market, and sold it as a young pig. This is also the origin of the saying "to let the cat out of the bag."

Ici On Parle Français



L'écolier porte le bonnet d'âne. Saint-Georges a vaincu le dragon. La dent-de-lion pousse partout.

Perfumed Butterflies

IT is not only flowers that are fragrant, for some butterflies give out an attractive scent. Thus the Green-Veined White smells like the lemon-scented verbena, the Small White like sweet briar, and the Silver-Washed Fritillary has the fragrance of fresh violets.

These perfumes come from scales on the wings which are associated with glands that secrete a volatile oil. It is only the male insects that have a scent.

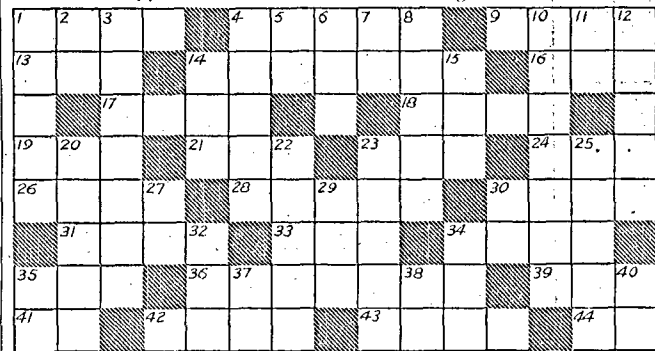
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to May 30, 1931, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1931	1930	1931	1930
London	.. 5372	6010	3562	3533
Glasgow	.. 1818	1888	1173	1157
Liverpool	.. 1401	1619	811	846
Birmingham	1380	1564	843	797
Belfast..	.. 818	772	444	396
Dublin..	.. 806	927	474	520
Edinburgh	.. 584	600	408	463
Leeds	.. 583	634	479	407
Bristol..	.. 470	525	310	339
Cardiff	.. 292	329	185	194
Norwich	.. 164	168	92	103
Reading	.. 132	127	78	78

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.

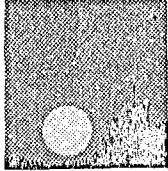


Reading Across. 1. Horse's neck hair. 4. Anything. 9. A notion. 13. A unit. 14. Erect. 16. One end of the spectrum. 17. Where the Sun rises. 18. To percolate. 19. Termination. 21. A valuable timber tree. 23. An intelligent insect. 24. A famous Caliph. 26. Christmas. 28. Immature. 30. To prepare for publication. 31. To advise. 33. A beverage. 34. So be it. 35. Donkey. 36. Pays regard. 39. An animal's lair. 41. Exist. 42. Cupid. 43. To fling. 44. In this manner.

Reading Down. 1. Material wealth. 2. Indefinite article. 3. Tailor's implements. 4. Pertinently. 5. Home of Abraham. 6. A trap. 7. Horse Guards. 8. A strip of leather. 10. Feared. 11. Early English. 12. To acknowledge. 14. Employ. 15. A tiny person. 20. One who tends the sick. 22. Ditches. 23. Respecting. 25. Strokes. 27. Edition. 29. A tree which yields rubber. 30. A printer's measure. 32. Organ of hearing. 34. A member of the horse family. 35. A seaman. 37. In the direction of. 38. Accomplish. 40. Negative.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South. In the evening Mars is in the North-West and Saturn is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11.30 p.m. on Tuesday, June 30.



A Summer Fruit

MY first is in ferry but not in boat, My second's in piano but not in note, My third is in second but not in third, My fourth is in sparrow but not in bird, My fifth is in table but not in chair, My sixth is in double but not in pair, My seventh's in hearing but not in see, My eighth's in footwear but not in boot, My ninth's in archery but not in shoot. Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Uncle's Problem 11s 8d divided between seven: 1s 8d each.

Word Square Word-Making Puzzle
S H U T Slate, stool, steam,
H A R E soil, snail, slip, stable,
U R N S spear, spin, swing,
T E S T swell, sear, soar.

A Charade For-mid-able.

Dr MERRYMAN

Fiction

SMITH: There was a splendid story in last night's paper. Did you read it?

JONES: No; I seldom read fiction in the papers—just occasionally the weather reports.

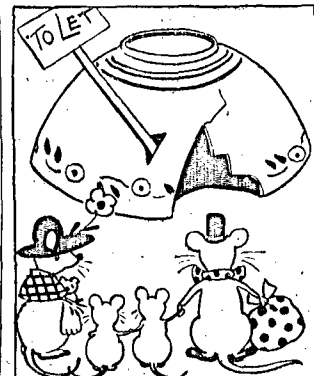
A Recommendation?

UNCLE'S first question concerned work.

"And how are you getting on at school, old chap?" he asked.

"Splendidly, Uncle," replied young hopeful. "Teacher said that if all the boys were like me he would shut up the school tomorrow."

A Home in China



I THINK this house is just too sweet (Said Daddy Mouse to Dina), You know, my dear, you've heard me say I'd like to live in China.

After Lunch

THE visitor wanted to see Mr Bigman.

"He has gone out to lunch, sir," said the office boy.

"Will he be in after lunch?" queried the caller.

"Oh no, sir; that's what he's out after."

Spring Chicken

THE diner could struggle no longer, so he asked to see the manager.

"According to the menu," he said, "you call this spring chicken."

"Yes, sir," agreed the manager.

"You are right," returned the diner. "I've had an awful tussle with one of the springs."

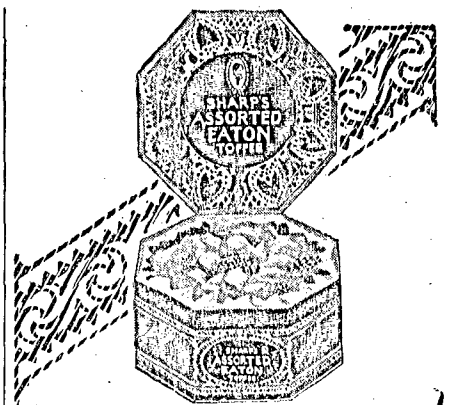
P.M.

TWO Negroes were about to part at the corner of the street.

"Well, so long, ole boy," said Rastus. "I'll see you at eight p.m."

"What do you mean, Rastus, eight p.m.?" asked his friend.

"Oh—perhaps, maybe."



Scrumptious!

YES, scrumptious! That's the word for Sharp's "Eaton" Toffee—so delicious in flavour that you could eat piece after piece and feel that every little portion was better than the last. Made by Sharp's of Maidstone—a sufficient guarantee of perfect purity.

4ozs.
4d

Ed. Sharp & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.



RESULT of the Grape-Nuts May Snapshot Competition

HERE are the names and addresses of the lucky boys and girls who have won the 25 All-Distance Folding Ensign Cameras in the May Competition.

Joyce Tapping, Station Rd., Liss, Hants.; M. Morton, Chalet en Fenn, Blonay, Switzerland; G. and A. Richards, 1, Compton Terrace, Truro, Cornwall; H. M. Renner, 22, Hyde Park St., W.2; W. A. Allman, 40, Allison Rd., Hornsey, N.8; Jean Comber, Broomfield, Clarence Rd., Horsforth, Nr. Leeds; Leonard Hallett, 46, Forge Rd., Southborough, Tunbridge Wells; Kathleen O'Callaghan, 29, Leysfield Rd., W.12; Doris Pain, 191, Manor Way, Mitcham, Surrey; John Barcroft, 15, Moorlands Terrace, Bacup; Leslie F. Gray, Primrose Cottage, Binfield Heath, Oxon; C. Parnley, 93, Alexandra Rd., Blackburn, Lancs.; John Walton, School House, Burnopfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Maude Baird, La Touche, Lancieux, France; Maureen O'Beirne Ryan, 18, Victoria Ave., Harrogate; Betty Bartlett, 159, Fortress Rd., N.W.5; Bill Gunn, Henbury House, Henbury, Glos.; Edna Graham, 36, Trusthorpe Rd., Sutton-on-Sea; Beryl Ruscoe, Birklands, Fishponds Rd., Hitchin; Olga Patricia Reader, "Etrianfa," Long Lane, Hillingdon; Helen Petrie, Roche Bank, Rochdale; Alfred C. T. Brown, 36, Moorgate, York; John Damaschino, 33, St. Spiridon St., Corfu, Greece; Joan Zoe Wood, 28, Hednesford St., Cannock; Miss Veronica Townley, 8, Westbourne Av., Harrogate, Yorks.

Cameras have been sent to these entrants. If you entered and didn't win, remember you have still a chance—still three chances, in fact. For there is another competition, exactly the same, closing on June 30th, another closing on July 31st, and still another closing on September 30th. Make up your mind to win and try again. Turn up your Children's Newspaper dated June 6th for full particulars, or send a postcard to the Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 38, Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1.

Grape-Nuts

MADE IN CANADA

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Products, which include Postum, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Whole Bran.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

KATHLEEN and Doris were great friends. They were very nearly the same age and almost the same height, and they lived exactly opposite one another and went to the same school.

Every day when they came out of school they used to race each other down the road from the corner to their gates. Kathleen started from the pillar-box on her side of the road; Doris started from the telegraph-pole exactly opposite on her side.

One! Two! Three! Go!

And off they went, racing to see which of them could reach her gate first. They did it every day, and either Doris had stronger legs or they went more quickly for she always seemed to win.

Old Mr Shore, who lived next door to Doris, used to watch the race from his arm-chair by the window, and



Off they went

chuckled to himself. So during the term he offered a prize to the one who won the greatest number of races before the holidays.

"I shall keep a record in my notebook," he said, "if you'll have me for umpire."

Kathleen and Doris were delighted at the idea. But there was not very much excitement as to who was going to win the prize. For every day—except two—Doris threw herself panting against her gate, nearly half a minute before Kathleen reached hers.

Kathleen would laugh and exclaim "Oh, dear!" and run up her path to the front door. On the two occasions when she did win, once it was because some people got in Doris's way and she had to run out into the road, and the other day she hurt her foot and could only hobble.

"So that didn't really count," said Kathleen.

THE PRIZE FOR THE LOSER

At the end of the term Mr Shore asked the little girls to tea to give the winner her prize. He presented Doris with a lovely box of chocolates tied with blue ribbon.

"But I have another prize here," said Mr Shore, producing another box, "and this is for the winner of a Good Temper race. I have much pleasure in presenting this to the little girl whom I have always heard laugh, even though she was beaten nearly every day."

And to Kathleen's great surprise he handed it to her.

Doris clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, how lovely!" she cried. "I should have been frightfully grumpy if I had lost the race every day."